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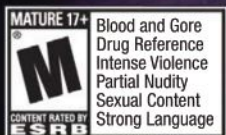


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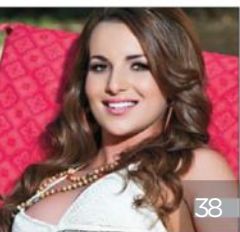


PS3



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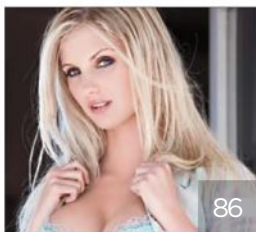




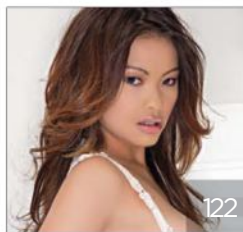
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## ID, Please

**I** was sitting with my back to the bar, watching the bouncer in the leather jacket. He'd carded me at the door, but I wasn't fooled for a minute. I knew he was interested by the way he'd studied my license. I'd taken the opportunity to check him out and I liked what I saw. Now, with his back to me, I had the pleasure of seeing him from the rear, and the view was just as good.

Another man joined him briefly before replacing him at the entrance. Then the bouncer in leather made his way over to me and offered to buy me a drink.

"Are you sure I'm allowed to have one?" I asked. "Maybe my ID was fake."

"So, your name isn't Renee and you don't live 20 minutes from here?" he asked.

"That depends," I said. "Are you off duty for the night?"

"Not only am I off duty, but I'll make sure you get home safely."

I chewed on that for all of three seconds because I knew this guy

would be a good fuck. Then I finished my drink and told him I had better vodka at home—just 20 minutes from there.

We took a taxi to my place and made good use of our time in the backseat. We started kissing and I let him feel me up. His hands were all over me, under my blouse, under my skirt, inside my panties. By the time we arrived at my door, we'd given the driver quite a show.

We stumbled inside, and as soon as the door closed he pushed me against it. His cock was hard and I felt every inch of it as he ground against me. I pulled off my blouse and he sucked my tits through my bra, tugging on my taut nipples. I arched my back, inviting him to feast as much as he wanted.

"Still want that drink?" I asked.

"Maybe later," he mumbled. "Sofa?" he asked as he scooped me up.

"Right behind you," I said, raining

**I cried out as he licked at my hot flesh. I guided his thick shaft to my pussy, and with one quick thrust he was inside me.**

kisses along his neck. When he reached the sofa, he lowered me down. He pulled off his heavy jacket and tossed it to the floor. Seconds later his T-shirt joined it. He looked even better than I'd imagined. I couldn't wait to see what was in those pants. When he stripped them off I felt a gush of liquid soak my panties. Time for them to go, too. I slipped them off, along with my skirt.

He leaned over me and dragged his tongue along my lips. I grabbed him and rolled my pelvis into his. As he buried his face in my breasts, I couldn't hold back my moans of pleasure. He slid his fingers into my slick hole before moving down my body.

He pushed my legs wide-open and brought his mouth down over my swollen clit. I cried out as he licked at my hot flesh, and felt his fingers thrust in and out. I couldn't wait any longer. I pulled him up and guided his thick shaft to my pussy. With one quick thrust he was inside me, and I felt the first orgasm slam through me.

What I remember about that first time was that it was hard and fast, just the way I wanted it. He moved in and out like a jackhammer, and that initial climax turned into a series of orgasms that I rode nonstop, until he finally pulled out and shot his hot semen all over my breasts and belly.

His recovery period was something I'd only dreamed about. After using his shirt to clean me up, he turned me over and pulled me up onto my knees for some doggie action. I grabbed the arm of the sofa and slammed my pussy back onto his cock as he plunged into me, over and over again.

When my body was finally overloaded with pleasure I came, my pussy contracting around his thick cock while hot streams of his cream filled my hole.

My bouncer pleased me twice more before leaving me sprawled on the sofa, limp and satisfied. On the way out, he mentioned something about coming back for his drink, and I had to admit I wouldn't mind. He can come back as often as he wants!—*R.H., New York*

"Forum" letters should carry name and address, though these and other identifying characteristics will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send letters to [ForumSubmission@ffn.com](mailto:ForumSubmission@ffn.com) or *Penthouse* Editorial Dept., 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York NY 10005.



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## ■ WHEN THE BOYS ARE AWAY

Last month, I spent the day with my friend Marina. Her husband was away and I hadn't seen her for a while, so it was nice just to sit around on her deck sipping wine. I told Marina how much I missed my boyfriend, who's deployed overseas, and she sympathized. Her husband often travels on business, and she said she'd teach me how to deal with my boyfriend's absence.

Marina led me into her bedroom, pulled open one of her dresser drawers, and told me to help myself. She had enough vibrators and dildos to open her own store! There was a variety of sizes and colors. Some were still in the package, unopened.

"Do you really use all of these?" I asked. I couldn't imagine going into a store and buying some of her toys.

"How do you think I survive when Jimmy goes away?" she said, giving me a wicked grin. "You're welcome to try one."

I looked at Marina's extensive collection, and felt my long-neglected pussy clench with need. I hadn't had sex in months. My gaze settled upon a thick eight-inch that reminded me of my boyfriend. Marina told me it came with a black leather harness, and when I asked her how it worked, she was more than happy to show me.

My twat became wet while we undressed, and my nipples hardened as I sat on her bed and watched her put on the strap-on. When she told me to lie back and spread my legs, I couldn't remember ever feeling so excited. I didn't realize I was breathing hard until Marina told me to relax. I took a deep breath and spread my legs wide, ready for Marina to fuck me. But she had other plans.

When Marina pressed her lips to mine, I knew that not only was I going to get fucked by a girl for the first time, but I was also going to be made love to by my friend. She moved slowly from my lips to my breasts as her hand delved between my legs. Her fingers slid easily through my juices and strayed fleetingly over my clit.

"You're incredibly wet," Marina said, as she pushed her fingers inside me. "I love wet pussy!" With her fingers still deep in my cunt, Marina scooted down and covered my clit with her warm mouth. Then she sucked on it, flicking it with her tongue while she finger-fucked me.



Within minutes she had me humping her fingers and crying out in pleasure as I reached one of the most intense orgasms ever. Without giving me a chance to recover, Marina positioned herself on top of me and gently pressed her rubber cock into my pussy. Because it was close enough in size to my boyfriend's, it felt just right. Then Marina pressed her lips to mine in a passionate kiss and fucked me deep and hard until I came again.

At that point, I should have been content just to lie there. Instead, I found myself begging Marina to fuck me again. The next time she wasn't so gentle, and that was perfect.

"Oh, yeah! Just like that. Fuck me hard!" I screamed, pumping my hips back to meet her thrusts, the headboard banging against the wall.

When my head cleared, I was able

to reciprocate, and, hopefully, I brought Marina as much pleasure as she'd brought me. Later, as we lay side-by-side, gently touching each other, I wondered what my boyfriend would say if I told him about this.

Marina said her husband doesn't mind if she fucks girls, and that he loves hearing all about it. She said it makes him hot and horny, and that I should consider telling my boyfriend.

I told her I'd think about it, but in the meantime, I'll fuck her whenever she wants. —O.I., Minnesota

More letters on page 132

**Marina pressed her lips to mine in a passionate kiss and fucked me deep and hard. She wasn't gentle, and that was perfect.**

**Correction from September 2011:** In the "Pet Gone Dead" piece on pages 80–81, about the film *Girls Gone Dead*, the photos of Ryan Keely and Caley Hayes; Janessa Brazil; and Beetlejuice with Janessa and Kelly Otis should have been credited to Aaron T. Wells. The photo of Ryan Keely with Shea Stewart, Caley Hayes, and Brandy Whitford should have been credited to Robert J. Summers III.



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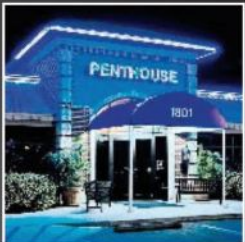


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# Going Rogue

Real-life mixed martial artist Gina Carano leads an A-list cast—and kicks serious ass—in *Haywire*, Steven Soderbergh's new thriller about a black-ops agent betrayed by her handlers, also starring Michael Douglas and Antonio Banderas.







Michael Fassbender just can't get enough in Steve McQueen's dark and powerful new film about sexual compulsion.

# Addicted to Love

**Shame**

**Michael Fassbender, Carey Mulligan**

Addictions to pornography and having sex with many attractive partners: These wouldn't be high on our break-the-habit list. But the brilliance of this quietly powerful, emotionally ruinous drama is how it brings you deeper into the loneliness of one man, a guy whose separation from humanity could stand in for any serious malady. His name is Brandon (a tightly coiled Fassbender), and he's a gainfully employed Manhattanite pursuing his salacious habits during off-hours. Drifting into his smallish Midtown apartment is his fragile sister, Sissy (Carey Mulligan, recently in *Drive*), a nightclub singer and flake who begins to test Brandon's patience. Stewarding it all with a rare degree of composure (and some very hot coupling) is England's Steve McQueen, a visual artist turned director who has made an instantly essential movie about urban life. Seek it out.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY (SHAME) ABBOT GENSER, (HAYWIRE) CLAUDETTE BARIUS, (EXTREMELY LOUD AND INCREDIBLY CLOSE) FRANÇOIS DUHAMEL, (WARHORSE) ANDREW COOPER





### Haywire

Michael Douglas, Antonio Banderas, Ewan McGregor, Gina Carano

Here we have yet another spy thriller about a femme agent gone rogue, as well as yet another movie directed by “retiring” Oscar-winner Steven Soderbergh. But it contains one element that separates it from the pack of generic thrillers: newcomer Carano, the spectacularly sexy mixed-martial artist who deserves a robust Hollywood career. It’s one thing to watch Angelina Jolie “kick ass” in an action movie, but when Carano, a real-life MMA star, throws down, your eyes don’t roll so much as go wide. She could probably take Matt Damon, if not Jason Bourne.

## PREVIEWS



### The Girl With the Dragon Tattoo

Daniel Craig, Rooney Mara, Stellan Skarsgård

Director David Fincher’s been on fire for a while now—the most impressive thing about his sexy trailer for this sure-to-be smash is that it makes you forget just how boring these unaccountably popular novels can be on the page. Fincher’s visual style here seems closer to his grim masterpiece *Se7en* than last year’s *The Social Network*, and Mara’s sinewy, leather-clad Lisbeth is convincing. Never mind that a trilogy of movies based on the books has already been made in Sweden; none are worth your time.



### Extremely Loud and Incredibly Close

Tom Hanks, Sandra Bullock

Only during awards season would audiences be expected to go to the multiplex, buy expensive tickets, and watch September 11, 2001, get re-created, even if artfully and obliquely with fluttering papers and pigeons. The occasion is a high-toned adaptation of Jonathan Safran Foer’s 2005 novel—a harrowing read that is also somewhat sentimental. Our guess is that the movie will skew toward the latter: Hanks plays a doting dad lost in the terrorist attacks, while Oscar-approved Bullock does post-podium duty as the weeping widow who assists their nine-year-old son on a quest of rebirth.



### War Horse

Emily Watson, David Thewlis, Tom Hiddleston

Expect big things from this kid, Steven Spielberg. Okay, so he’s not such a kid anymore. But if you heard about this project without knowing he was onboard—it’s an adventure about a boy, his horse, and a world at war—you might automatically plug in the young director of *E.T.* or *Empire of the Sun*; that’s how perfect a match of material and maker it is. Accordingly, you can expect the trademark Spielbergian schmaltz to be laid on thick and heavy, but, still, don’t bet against this one for Best Picture come February. **A+**





DVDs



# Most Wanted

Put down the cheese basket and step away from the pine-scented candles. There's no need to panic. These DVDs are the perfect last-minute gifts, as they're easy to find and people actually want them.

## Cowboys & Aliens

It's a Western, it's science fiction, it has Olivia Wilde—it's like three gifts rolled into one! Special features include commentary from director Jon Favreau and an in-depth look at the fictional town of Absolution (and that deleted scene from the trailer of Daniel Craig roping a spaceship—please! Embrace the cheesiness). But

we're expecting the making-of footage to be epic, considering the film's long journey to the screen. Universal and DreamWorks purchased the rights to the plot (aliens invade the Wild West; sworn enemies team up to ensure the survival of the species) back in 1997, nine years before the graphic novel was published.

## NEW RELEASES



## The Hangover Part II

Prerelease we pegged this sequel as one of the year's most anticipated movies, and the half-billion-dollar opening weekend proved our point. This time around, Stu (Ed Helms) is the one walking down the aisle—and his modest bachelor brunch somehow gives way to a Bangkok shit-show involving a stolen monkey, a *kathoey* prostitute, and a very familiar face tattoo. Among the bonus features are a gag reel, a monkey featurette, and a tour of Bangkok with Mr. Chow (Ken Jeong). Stock up and give a copy to everyone in your wolf pack.

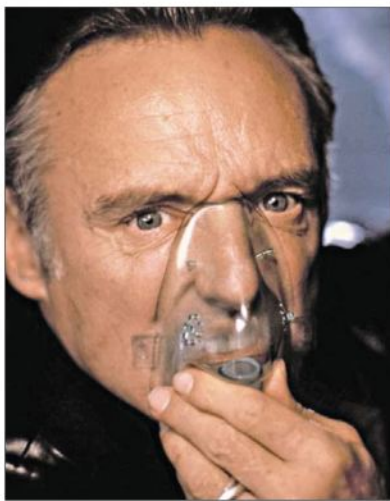


## Colombiana

This underappreciated action flick stars the delicious Zoë Saldana as Cataleya, a sexy assassin seeking revenge on the mobster who murdered her parents. And of course the only thing better than watching a catsuit-clad Saldana pick off bad guys is watching her do it in high-definition clarity. The bonus featurettes on the Blu-ray disc include "Cataleya's Journey," "Assassins," "Training a Killer," and "Take the Ride."



## REISSUES

**Blue Velvet**

Cue midlife crisis: It's been 25 years since this surreal David Lynch mystery was released. Kyle MacLachlan starred as a college kid who finds a severed ear, decides to investigate, and gets sucked into an affair with a lounge singer who's being tortured by a sexually depraved villain (a scenery-chomping Dennis Hopper, who's never been more fun to watch, except in *Speed*)—you know, just your average feel-good Lynch film. The anniversary-edition Blu-ray comes with Master Audio 5.1, 50 minutes of deleted scenes, and a few outtakes.

**The Superman Motion Picture Anthology (1978–2006)**

Faster than a speeding bullet, more powerful than a locomotive, and a great way to spend an entire day glued to your couch.... This definitive eight-disc set includes every Man of Steel movie in the franchise. Christopher Reeve wears the cape in *Superman: The Movie* (1978), *Superman II* (1980), *Superman III* (1983), and *Superman IV: The Quest for Peace* (1987); and Brandon Routh stars in the most recent installment, *Superman Returns* (2006). An extended version and a Richard Donner cut of the original are also in there, along with a separate bonus disc packed with deleted scenes, screen tests, trailers, cartoons, and more.

## TV on DVD

**Boardwalk Empire: The Complete First Season**

HBO's drama about corrupt politicians in Prohibition-era Atlantic City was epic from day one. The \$18 million pilot was one of the most expensive in history, and Martin Scorsese—who hadn't directed a TV show in 25 years—was at the helm. Eighteen Emmy nominations later, the first season is on DVD, and the bonus features reveal how such a huge production came to the small screen. Standouts include a tour of famous speak-easies and a look at how to build a 300-foot boardwalk in a Brooklyn parking lot.

**Justified: The Complete Second Season**

Better the devil you know, as the saying goes. After taking down the Crowder crime family in season one, U.S. Marshal Raylan Givens (Timothy Olyphant) takes on the even-badder Bennett family in season two. The three-disc set includes the full season, along with outtakes, behind-the-scenes featurettes, and, on the Blu-ray version, an exclusive roundtable discussion.

**Star Trek: The Next Generation—The Next Level**

Trekkies have been buzzing about a high-def reworking of *ST:NG* for nearly two years now—and they'll have to wait a little longer to see the whole series in HD, since CBS is going through 25,000 reels of uncut negatives to piece together the episodes in high-definition. All 178 episodes will eventually be transferred to 1080p (likely in 2012), but for now, the Blu-ray single-disc will show off the stunning visual effects on three episodes—the feature-length pilot and two fan favorites.

**Friday Night Lights: The Complete Series**

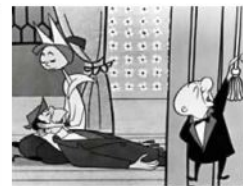
This collection would have been much smaller if NBC execs had their way—between low ratings and the writer's strike, *FNL* wasn't expected to survive its second season. It was saved by a fervent fan base and a move to DirecTV's 101 Network, and capped off its final season with two Emmys (for star Kyle Chandler and for writing). Relive all five seasons, plus the bonus features from each previous release—deleted scenes, loads of commentary tracks, behind-the-scenes footage—a playbook, and a weepy "Lights Go Out" featurette.

**Smallville: The Complete Series**

It takes a certain type of show to attract both swooning teenyboppers and rabid fanboys—which explains why this Teen of Steel show became the longest running sci-fi series in North America. This comprehensive set is a hefty beast, thanks to ten years' worth of episodes and 28 hours of bonus content. Some of the coolest extras include a never-before-seen *Superboy* pilot from 1961, footage of the 2010 Comic-Con panel, the *Aquaman* pilot, a *Daily Planet* edition highlighting key storylines, and an episode guide with storyboards and sketches.

**It Takes a Thief: The Complete Series**

In this series from the late sixties, cat burglar Alexander Mundy escaped jail time by agreeing to use his shady skills as a professional thief for the U.S. government. Forty years later, every episode has been digitally remastered for this set, which also includes an extended version of the pilot, a fresh interview with star Robert Wagner, a collectible photo book, and a coaster set (why not?).

**Mr. Magoo: The Television Collection (1960–1977)**

It's the gift you didn't even know you needed—a box set of Mr. Magoo's zany, dumb-luck escapades that spans 17 years, three shows, and a made-for-TV movie. Magoo fans will be psyched to find all 26 episodes of *The Mister Magoo Show*, the TV movie *Uncle Sam Magoo*, 26 episodes of *The Famous Adventures of Mister Magoo*, and 16 episodes of *What's New Mister Magoo?* (Girlfriends of Magoo fans, on the other hand, will be less enthused.)





# The Overachiever

**She's a singer, a songwriter, a movie star, a violinist, a theater geek, a viral video star, and a visual-effects artist. Is there anything Dalal Bruchmann can't do?**

**D**alal Bruchmann was a crossover artist before *everybody* was a crossover artist. At age three, she booked her first commercial; at four, she took up the violin; at five, she was composing scores. (Not too surprising, given her classical pedigree: Her ancestor wrote lyrics for Franz Schubert.) Before she hit the age when most kids start kindergarten, the now-24-year-old was already a multihyphenate performer in her Austrian homeland.

For good measure, she's added a few more lines to her résumé: She toured Europe with her musical-theater school, took on a couple of TV roles, and then—why the hell not?—went to college for visual effects. From there, she got a job with the Mechnology effects house in Los Angeles, where she geeked out behind the scenes of the TV shows *90210* and Disney's *Sonny With a Chance*.

But hiding this sexy import behind the camera would be a waste. Thankfully, last May Bruchmann released a video for her debut single, "Taste the Night," on YouTube. It went viral, racking up more than a million views in the first few days. (Its popularity might have had something to do with Bruchmann's wardrobe choices, which were various combinations of skimpy, sheer, and skintight.) Then she landed a lead role in the cave-exploring thriller *Into the Darkness*, alongside Mischa Barton and Kiowa Gordon. Now, with her album dropping in early 2012 and another movie in the works, this workaholic is about three seconds away from becoming a household name.

**"Taste the Night" has more than 1.2 million views on YouTube right now. Did you expect it to blow up like that?**  
No, because it happened in the first two days. I really did not anticipate anything like that. But I got really nice messages and reviews, so that was a nice surprise.

**One commenter said you look like "Madonna and Lady Gaga somehow had a daughter."**

Isn't that funny? I get it, because you're compared to what's mainstream. But I'm not anything like Gaga or Madonna. It's nice to be compared to them, but I hope that when they hear more of my songs and see more of my personality, they'll see that I'm a very different person.

**Who would you compare yourself to? Who are your influences?**

I grew up with classical music, and I was doing musical theater, so I guess I'm influenced by Broadway tunes. It's hard to say.... I guess there's a little bit of a European influence, but I think it's also strongly mixed with what I love about American music.

**What are your favorite things about American music?**

I love that it's always very fresh and very modern, and it's always fun. I like the positivity of what American music brings to pop culture. I love R&B, I love gospel, and I love country.

**Do you have any guilty pleasures?**

I have *everything* on my iPod. I have pretty much every album that Britney Spears put out, Prince, Michael Jackson, Simply Red, Muse, the Sex Pistols (believe it or not!), the Who, the Rolling Stones.

**You have a musical pedigree—did your family push you into music?**

No, not at all. Anywhere there was

music, I felt like it was my home. My mom realized it was like that and asked, "Do you want to go to music school?" and I was like, "This is *all* I want." I wanted to play the violin so bad. I loved it. And then I did piano, and tambourine for a while. It was really a lot of fun.

**You were writing songs when you were five—what were you even inspired by when you were five? I was still playing with Barbies.**

I was kind of scared of dolls, so it was either Legos or music. I guess I was inspired by a lot of theme songs in cartoons. I loved spending hours and hours on my piano. I loved colors, and my mom was a painter, so I used to color every different note a different color. It was kind of like a painting. I don't know if they sounded good.

**You've been acting even longer than you've been in music professionally. You have your first big-screen role in this year's *Into the Darkness*. What can you tell us about the story?**

It's about four friends—two couples—all very outdoorsy. I'm a rock climber, and my boyfriend is a hiker. We decide we want to go on a hiking trip, and we stumble upon this unexplored cave, and you know men: "Oh, let's go explore!" I am the voice of reason that nobody listens to. We shot in Tennessee and Georgia, and it was a great experience. Where I come from in Austria, there are not a lot of caves with rattlesnakes. That was new for me.

**How creepy was it?**

First of all, when they led us into the place where we shot, it was so dark that we needed guides with lots of lights to get us there. And when they



"I love that American music is always very fresh and very modern, and it's always fun. I like the positivity of what it brings to pop culture. I love R&B, I love gospel, and I love country."







turned them all off, nobody spoke. I never imagined that silence could be so deafening. It was crazy, because you could literally hear nothing. And that's the creepy thing—because you're suddenly so aware if there's *something*.

**In real life, are you a risk taker like your character?**

I definitely am a risk taker—in certain areas. I love sports and I'm very outdoorsy, but I think I've gotten more careful over time. I've hurt my knee twice. But I like a good challenge.

**You have another movie in the works ...**

It's called *Old 37*. It's a thriller as well—it's a really crazy story and the script is amazing. It's about two brothers who start intercepting 911 calls, and the results are pretty horrific. I can't wait to start shooting.

**When you first came to L.A., you worked behind the scenes for a while, right?**

I actually studied 3-D animation and visual effects in Germany and Austria.

I worked on *90210*, and I did a lot of exploding stuff, making fog and rain, and just correcting things. I love being behind the camera. When you work on-set, it's such a big community and such a family.

**When you're on-set now, do you find yourself wanting to know what effects they're going to do in the end?**

Yeah, every time I ran to the guy who was supervising the visual effects. I think I was bothering people. I had to remind myself, *You're not behind the camera!*

**So you have an inner computer geek?**

I'm so bad, you have no idea. I love technology. I'm constantly thinking of what I could invent, and then it comes out anyway. There are so many great minds in this world—it's so fascinating.

**Are you someone who jumps on tech gadgets as soon as they come out?**

No, I usually wait—because usually

if it's the first version, then I know it's faulty. I usually wait around for the second one.

**Smart. How do you spend your days off, when you have them?**

I love museums. I'm a big geek in that area. I'm *this* close to the Met, which is amazing. I spend a lot of time at the Met, or at the Museum of Natural History. It's just so comforting and so inspiring. I love paintings and art.

**Are you an artist, too?**

Um, no. My mom's so good at it, and my grandma, but I suck! I do love to look at it—I remember when I was little, watching my mom when she painted, and it was just such a beautiful way to spend your time, to create something.

**One last thing—a quick game of This or That.**

I'm so bad at that!

**Tattoos or piercings?**

Man, I'm saying tattoos, but neither. Can I say neither?

**Good guys or bad boys?**

Good guys.

**You're living in New York City these days: five-star restaurant or New York pizza?**

I've been to a New York five-star restaurant once, and it was very good, but I'd say the pizza.

**Pop or rock?**

I think I would choose pop, because it can have a rock side. Rock doesn't really tend to have a pop side. This is hard—I knew it!

**Texting or calling?**

Calling. I hate texting.

**Summer or winter?**

Winter. I just don't like to sweat.

**Books or movies?**

Oh, books. One of my favorites is *Sophie's World*. It's kind of a philosophy journey. I remember I read it first when I was 10 or 11, and I just loved it. And I keep on going back.

**Last one: cozy night in or wild night out?**

Cozy, definitely cozy. Sorry. ☹️



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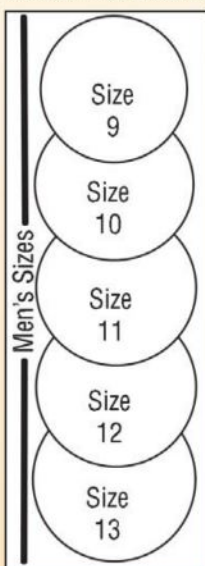


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# SAINTS ROW: THE THIRD

THQ (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

★★★★★

*Saints Row: The Third* is the latest and most lavish installment in the lewd saga that put the fun back into the open-world game formula. You play the capo of an infamous gang bent on defending a criminal empire in the seedy city of Steelport. The toys, tools, weapons, and vehicles used to accomplish your mission quickly escalate in absurdity. You'll wield a dildo-shaped baseball bat, fight alongside a buck-naked partner with pixelated privates, flee from foes in a chariot pulled by an auto-tuned S&M freak—and that's all within the first hour!

Silliness aside, *Saints Row* takes its gameplay seriously. A beefed-up combat system turns nut-shots into an art form, and enhanced vehicle physics make it easy to perform sideshow spin-outs and aircraft acrobatics. With a seemingly never-ending supply of missions, character-upgrade options, oddball vehicles, and downloadable content (including *Penthouse*-related DLC that at press time we can only hint at), you'll never get bored in Steelport—especially when you invite a friend and double your fun.





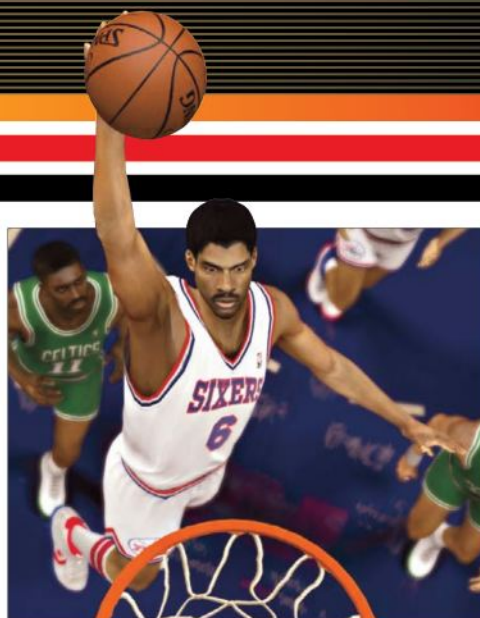
**THE ELDER SCROLLS V: SKYRIM**

BETHESDA SOFTWORKS (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

★★★★★

Abandon all hope of a social life, all ye who enter the world of *Skyrim*. This is like some time-sucking mythological monster, with more than 150 dungeons to spelunk, a sprawling realm to explore—even 300 books to read. Your custom avatar can wander wherever you wish while taking on mini quests to build magical and martial abilities. Just keep an eye on the skies—there be dragons. Slaying one is a slog, but worth the effort: Vanquished dragons grant throaty spells that rival the vocal might of Ronnie James Dio.

No detail was spared in the creation of this world. Bats flutter in caves, blood gushes from foes, moss sprouts from rocks at your feet, fog shrouds distant snowcapped peaks that you can climb if you make the trek. Maybe all that exploration sounds daunting, but *Skyrim* goes easy on roleplaying neophytes. You can organize your favorite abilities and weapons for easy access, while a spell shows you where to go next. You'll still get lost in the massive world, but that's part of the fun in a game this immersive.

**NBA 2K12**

2K SPORTS (XBOX 360, PS3, PS2, Wii, PC, PSP)

★★★★★

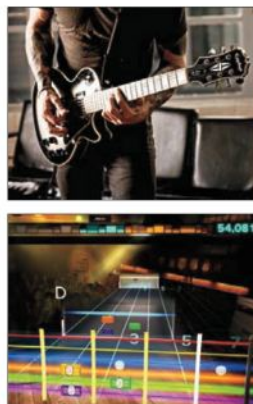
Basketball fans with a case of the lockout blues will find their happy place in *NBA 2K12*. This virtual shrine to the sport takes 15 b-ball legends—including Larry Bird, Magic Johnson, and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar—and drops them into classic team matchups from the heights of their careers. The presentation shifts to reflect the era (Wilt Chamberlain's 1971 Lakers vs. Knicks game appears in grainy VHS-quality color), while the athletes are rendered in period-accurate detail, right down to their old-school Converse court-stompers. Win each legend's classic game and you'll unlock his teammates for exhibition games against modern teams, finally putting an end to ages of what-if speculation.

**ACE COMBAT: ASSAULT HORIZON**

NAMCO BANDAI GAMES (XBOX 360, PS3)

★★★★

This game gives you tickets to the air show, strapping you into the cockpits (and gunner's seats) of nearly every aircraft in the U.S. arsenal circa 2015, from stealth bombers to helicopter gunships. Don't enlist if you're expecting stick-and-rudder realism, though—the game's aircraft turn and burn via arcade-style controls, complete with a thrilling dogfight mode that is triggered when you soar within gun range of a foe. Despite a globe-trotting plot written by a best-selling author (Jim DeFelice), *Assault Horizon*'s vibe feels more like an homage to *Maverick* and *Goose*, with lock-on alarms and radio chatter that sound like they're right out of *Top Gun*. No other air-combat game can match the Mach 5 pace here, even if a few missions bombard you with repetitive objectives.

**ROCKSMITH**

UBISOFT (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

★★★★

*Rocksmith* is the next logical step in a genre that started with plastic instruments, turning you into a real guitar hero by teaching you to play an actual ax. A cable packed with the game connects any electric guitar to your console, turning your HDTV into an amp. Anyone who's faux-rocked the *Guitar Hero* or *Rock Band* games will recognize the scrolling-note interface, which shows you where to put your fingers as you strum along to dozens of hits (artists range from Nirvana to Eric Clapton). An adaptive difficulty means you're not forced to pretzel your fingers with power chords until you're ready. Mini games, instructional videos, and technique challenges help you master the minutiae of six-string supremacy. The presentation is bare-bones, and the interface could do a better job showing finger placement, but you'll forgive these shortcomings the first time *Rocksmith* lands you a groupie. **B+**







**GUIDED BY VOICES**  
*Let's Go Eat the Factory*  
 Rockathon  
 ★★★★★

Guided By Voices were old when they began. They were even older when they became the toast of the indie scene, and older still when they broke up in 2004 after a dozen or so albums, hundreds of indelible melodies, and untold thousands of beers. Now they're back, with a set of 21 songs stronger than their redoubtable livers. *Factory* is the first album recorded by the nineties "classic" lineup since frontman Robert Pollard dismissed them a decade ago, and it's a punchy, digressive delight. Discordant oddities like "Either Nelson" bump up against shimmering pop gems ("Chocolate Boy") and glam-rock revelations ("The Unsinkable Fats Domino"). Pollard retains his uncanny knack for melody; rarely have an artist's golden years sounded this golden.

# MOVEABLE FEAST

Guided By Voices return with *Let's Go Eat the Factory*, 21 more of their typically tasty indie-pop nuggets.



The swaggering Brit-pop bands of the late twentieth-century were never as good as they said they were.

How could they be? With all their talk of the Beatles and *Second Comings*, Oasis and the Stone Roses had egos that flew higher than the Union Jack. Yet in rock 'n' roll, unlike in customer service, a little attitude can go a long way. That's a lesson English duo the Big Pink takes to heart on *Future This*: "I don't want to hit the ground ... like Superman!" Robbie Furze yelps on "Hit the Ground." Even better is the buzzy bluster of "Stay Gold," which sounds marginally like a shoe-gaze band being fed through a jetliner engine. In Ibiza. Sometimes arrogance trumps ability.



**THE BIG PINK**  
*Future This*  
 4AD  
 ★★★



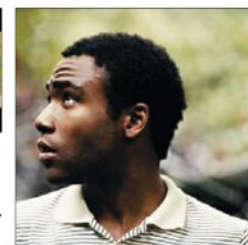
You'd be forgiven if you didn't realize this was the first time Kate Bush sang a ten-minute song from the perspective of a snowflake. Bush has been a witchy, spectral presence haunting the fringes of pop music for more than three decades now, her proggy piano ballads giving voice to nineteenth-century heroines and natural phenomena alike. Even so, these seven wintry warbles spread out over an hour are notable for their sheer Kate Bush-iness. On the faerie fable "Wild Man," she woos an ursine lover ("You're a big brown bear!"), while on the title track, an unknown warlock recites all 50 words for the white fluffy stuff while Bush eggs him on ("Come on, man, 44 to go!").



**KATE BUSH**  
*50 Words for Snow*  
 Anti-  
 ★★★



"Is there room in the game for a lame who rhymes?/ Who wears short shorts and tells jokes sometimes?" Valid questions in the insular world of hip-hop, and it's admirable that *Community* star Donald Glover asks them on his debut full-length as a rapper. Unfortunately, Glover mostly comes up shorter than his pants: *Camp* is an uncomfortable mashup of big-timing braggadocio and emo self-laceration. On "Bonfire," Glover Hulks-out his reedy voice like Lil Wayne, but his subject matter is strictly Bruce Banner, all shout-outs to UCLA coeds and NPR. He's best when he swaps dick talk for real talk, as on the racially charged "Hold You Down." **A-**



**CHILDISH GAMBINO**  
*Camp*  
 Glassnote  
 ★★





# FROM HOLLYWOOD TO HUMBOLDT

Former actress Heather Donahue recounts her journey from *Blair Witch Project* fame to a career in medical-marijuana farming.

**Growgirl**  
By Heather Donahue  
Gotham Books

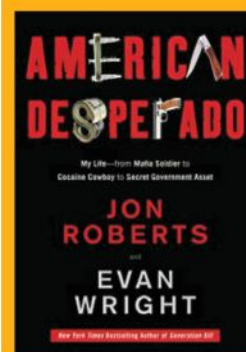
**H**eather Donahue has come a long way since she starred in *The Blair Witch Project*—and that's something she wants readers of her memoir, *Growgirl*, to know. The 500-page volume details her exit from Hollywood and her extended foray into the medical-marijuana-production business in Northern California. In addition to learning about “hippie chicken,” we get an education in how exactly one goes about legally growing pot, how the prescription process works, indoor vs. outdoor, and more. Donahue is determined to be as independent as possible, yet she must rely on her ex and “the com-

munity” for tips on protocol, scrips, and more to make sure “the girls” (the term for the female plants she’s housing) flourish. While her filmmaking days make random appearances, there is nothing Hollywood about this book. Donahue’s prose reads like someone either stoned or extremely mellow and loose with language has written it—and at times it could’ve used a bit of trimming, like her plants. Still, her run-ins with men, the law, and her own neuroses laid bare against a flowery tapestry of stoners and weed farmers make for entertaining reading.



**George & Hilly:  
The Anatomy of a  
Relationship**

If you think your relationship is annoying, try George Gurley’s. He’s in love with his girlfriend, Hilly—who puts up with the *New York Observer* reporter’s all-night drunken outings—but he doesn’t want to marry her. This frustrates Hilly, so the two start couples therapy with a Dr. Selman, who gently mocks them at times, but gradually becomes a lifeline for their uneven relationship. An unflinching, intimate portrait from Gallery Books.



**American Desperado**

Jon Roberts is not only the most outrageous criminal you’ve never heard of—he was a center spoke in the hub of old-school mafia rackets, mid-eighties narcotics trafficking, and government misdeeds in Central America—he’s also a charming sociopath with an epic gift of gab. His endless supply of crime stories (from *Crown*), told to the skillful Wright, provides more evidence that truth is stranger—and more fascinating—than fiction.—  
John Bolster





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# LIGHT SPEED?

Lexus spares no expense and launches a very special supercar. Even the cockpit is an example of functional sophistication and enhanced performance.







**T**here is a category of automobile that defines the nexus of design dreams and reality, a place where some of the most creative engineers can freely practice their art and leave no performance avenue unexplored. This is the realm of the ultra-exclusive supercar, and the members in this tiny family include the likes of Ferrari, BMW, Jaguar, Lamborghini, McLaren, and even Ford with its GT. In this exclusive society, the cars are hand-built in very small numbers, have amazingly high top speeds, and sport equally lofty price tags. In a bold move, Toyota's upscale Lexus division is joining this choice group by creating something very special to compete with the aforementioned machines. The question is, can the Lexus engineers really run in the rarefied air that these ultra-desirable rockets explore?

There's certainly room for initial skepticism, but the Lexus LFA has the chops to elbow its way into the club. True, in the past the Lexus name has been associated more with luxury than performance, and you may think that in the realm of über-exclusive hardware the company might have challenged Rolls-Royce or Bentley instead. But F-series Lexus performance sedans have helped clear the way for its new flagship, and the LFA is a serious platform that was tested and developed in competitions like the Nürburgring 24-hour race. The final machine that goes on sale as a 2012 model is the result of taking a completely clean design slate and applying all the considerable technological assets contained in the Lexus stable to satisfy the most ambitious performance goals. Chief

engineer Haruhiko Tanahashi puts it best: "From the very beginning of automobile history, supercars have represented dreams, hopes, and aspirations. Over the past decade, we have pushed every boundary in the pursuit of this goal. I believe that we have created the most driver-oriented car we possibly could."

The technical résumé of the LFA proves Tanahashi was not exaggerating. The heart of this stunning ride is a 4.8-liter V-10 that delivers 552 horsepower without any kind of turbo or supercharging. How? Think of this mill as the Rolex of engines, as every internal component is optimized for efficiency and composed of the most advanced low-friction materials available. The 72-degree V-angle ensures perfect primary and secondary balance, which helps facilitate a stratospheric (and silky-smooth) 9,000 rpm redline. Front-mid-engine placement along with mounting the six-speed,



# DREAMS, HOPES, AND 200 MPH

Armed with innovative technology, Lexus delivers a sensational supercar. **By Bill Heald**




multimode sequential automatic transmission in transaxle fashion at the rear differential contributes to ideal 48:52 weight distribution (critical for both sharp handling and stability at 200 mph). The chassis surrounding this propulsion system is quite unique, and features carbon-fiber-reinforced-plastic (CFRP) construction for the ultimate in stiffness and light weight.

Innovative production techniques are as key to the LFA as its potent power train, such as the use of novel methods of joining the CFRP body to the aluminum-alloy multilink suspension components. No expense has been spared, no aspect overlooked, and a truly welcome example of this attention to detail is the latest in carbon-ceramic brake-disc technology, which not only sheds

heat like nothing else out there, but also reduces unsprung weight.

The cockpit really seals the deal in terms of this being a true driver's car, in that the positioning of the driver and passenger is part of an integrated philosophy where every detail is focused on enhancing performance. This is still a Lexus, so creature comforts are all part of the environment, too, and the interior is designed with three "zones" in mind: mechanical, human, and driving. This approach results in a cozy, futuristic, and remarkably safe and functional cabin, topping off a peerless jewel of an automobile hand-assembled in a production run limited to 500 units.

For the rest of us, be assured that the incredible technologies developed for this creation will find their way into the Lexus playbook, and maybe even Toyotas and Scions down the road. One thing is for sure, though: The LFA stands out even in the exotic fraternity of supercars. 

## SPECIFICATIONS

|                     |   |
|---------------------|---|
| <b>Body style</b>   | Two-door coupe                                  |
| <b>Engine</b>       | 4.8-liter,<br>72-degree V-10                    |
| <b>Power</b>        | 552 horsepower                                  |
| <b>Torque</b>       | 354 foot-pounds                                 |
| <b>Transmission</b> | Six-speed<br>automated<br>sequential<br>gearbox |
| <b>Front tires</b>  | 265/35 ZR20 95Y                                 |
| <b>Rear tires</b>   | 305/30 ZR20 99Y                                 |
| <b>Curb weight</b>  | 3,263 pounds                                    |

## PERFORMANCE

|                      |                    |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| <b>0-60</b>          | 3.6 seconds        |
| <b>Top speed</b>     | 202 mph            |
| <b>Fuel capacity</b> | 19.3 gallons       |
| <b>EPA mpg</b>       | 11 city/16 highway |
| <b>Base price</b>    | \$375,000          |



# ACE OF BASS

A newbie from Noale arrives, and steals everybody's thunder.

By Bill Heald



**I**t seemed at first glance like any other stylish, Italian urban-sports motorcycle. True, the headlight and front mini-fairing did give it an aspect almost as sinister as H. R. Giger's alien, but I had no reason to think this would be anything other than just another fine release from Aprilia. This means I expected a typical representative of the brand: a sweet-handling, refined, and well-behaved bike that would do everything it's designed to do flawlessly. I believed all of this right up to the point where I climbed aboard and hefted the tall machine off its side stand. Then, I punched the starter button and everything changed. My God, what

hath Aprilia wrought? Has a Balrog from Middle-earth crawled out of the high, shapely tailpipes mounted under the seat and used this auditory earthquake to preview the fire and violence to follow?

Such was my reaction to the Dorsoduro 1200's delicious exhaust note, and it was a mere appetizer for the fun I was about to have with this incredibly ripped engine. I've ridden

many V-twins from America, Italy, Austria, and elsewhere, and none have ever delivered the booming, baritone blast this bike does. According to Aprilia's spec sheet, it produces "only" 130 horsepower and 85 foot-pounds of torque, but somebody forgot to tell the motorcycle. Even with the three-mode engine mapping (adjustable on the fly, by the way) set on Touring, there is a boatload of brawn available


from the basement to redline with no flat spots to speak of. Thanks to the perfect primary balance of the 90-degree cylinder configuration, vibration is never punishing, and what's there lets you share in the thundering throb of those big pistons.

The upright, dual-sport riding position (and lofty ride height) aids maneuverability in tight quarters, whether you're negotiating around an errant taxi or avoiding a felled tree on the road courtesy of an atmospheric blowhard called Irene. A compliant, easily adjustable suspension handles potholes and bumpy, high-speed corners with equal grace, and the hybrid frame design is both strong and light. Top it off with some of the finest in Brembo brakes, and you have a balanced package that can deal with





almost anything the road can throw at you.

And then there's that amazing V-twin. I mentioned the Touring mode is my setting of choice, but there's also a Rain mode that helps you maintain traction in the wet, and a Sport mode. I found this last selection to be overkill, especially since the Dorsoduro had more than enough thrust in the more docile Touring setting. Sport mode will only help deplete your fuel too quickly, for feeding this beast's puny 3.96-gallon tank is like handing a Bud in a shot glass to a thirsty lumberjack. I vote for a larger tank, for nothing must stop that exquisitely deep, rumbling motor music from frightening children and small animals every time you twist the throttle. 

#### SPECIFICATIONS

|                  |  |
|------------------|--|
| Engine type      | Liquid-cooled, 90-degree V-4                   |
| Bore x stroke    | 106 mm x 67.8 mm                               |
| Displacement     | 1,197 cc                                       |
| Fuel system      | Multipoint electronic injection                |
| Ignition         | Electronic                                     |
| Transmission     | Six speed                                      |
| Front suspension | 43-mm male slider forks, damping adjustable    |
| Rear suspension  | Single shock, fully adjustable                 |
| Front brakes     | Dual 320-mm four-piston discs, radial calipers |
| Rear brake       | Single 240-mm two-piston disc                  |
| Front tire       | 120/70 ZR17 Dunlop Sportmax Qualifier          |
| Rear tire        | 180/55 ZR17 Dunlop Sportmax Qualifier          |
| Fuel tank        | 3.96-gallon capacity                           |
| Wheelbase        | 60.16 inches                                   |
| Seat height      | 34.25 inches                                   |
| Wet weight       | 492 pounds                                     |
| Base price       | \$11,999                                       |







## ■ A/V cooler

**Antec • \$140**

Stacking too many components in your audio-visual rack risks a meltdown—unless you keep the cabinet doors open. Add an Xbox 360 to the mix, and you're courting global thermonuclear war. The A/V cooler prevents such catastrophes while extending the life span of your pricey gear. Just place the

cooler on top of your hottest-running component. Its dual-speed fans soak up the heat and circulate it away from your A/V stack. The carbon-glass and aluminum cooler is sturdy enough to support a mountain of components, and its low-power fans maintain a quiet purr, even at their highest setting.

# NEW YEAR GEAR

*Ring in 2K12 with a smarter smart-phone, a nimble gaming laptop, and a component cooler that prevents catastrophe.*

*By Crispin Boyer*



## ■ Kindle Fire

**Amazon • \$199**

Amazon's long-rumored entry into the crowded tablet market made a big splash for one simple reason: It's cheap! Although it's less than half the cost of a bare-bones iPad 2, the Fire manages to fulfill the basic functions of a capable tablet, offering speedy web browsing (pages preload based on your web-wandering habits), easy media streaming, document and eBook reading, and on-the-go gaming. Tech snobs will scoff at the Fire's lack of a camera and paltry eight gigabytes of nonexpandable memory, but this tablet is really meant to serve as a portable storefront for what Amazon has to offer. The Fire's seven-inch screen isn't as sharp as the competition's (stick with an E Ink Kindle for reading eBooks sans eyestrain), but—like everything else about this tablet—it gets the job done.



## ■ Titan

**HTC • \$299 (estimated) with AT&T contract**

If you believe bigger is better, this is the greatest smartphone you'll ever (barely) cram into your pocket. It packs a 4.7-inch screen into a featherweight aluminum shell that's thinner than a pencil, teetering into tablet territory and offering acres of display for movies or typing on the virtual keyboard. It also runs the latest Windows Phone operating system. Integrated social networking, linked email in-boxes, dedicated hubs, powerful multi-tasking—everything that past Windows Phones did right is improved here. Plus, with an eight-megapixel camera capable of panoramic shots, the Titan is one of the first smartphones that can replace your point-and-shoot.





### ■ VHT215 home-theater sound bar Vizio • \$320

Titanic home-theater speakers were acceptable back when big-screen TVs were the size of player pianos, but today's bulimic LCD and plasma HDTVs have spawned a new category of "sound bars" that deliver rich sound in an ultraslim form. The VHT215—perfect for TVs 40 inches or larger—is a good entry-level example. It supports pseudo surround sound via the Dolby Digital and SRS TruSurround HD formats while pumping low-frequency rumbles to a wireless subwoofer. With just two HDMI inputs and one digital-audio input, it's a little lean on ports, but it's a good starter solution if all you own is a cable box and a game console.

### ■ Zip Touch-n-go charging station Joy Factory • \$80


While your computer's USB port has become a convenient recharging solution for smartphones, tablets, and eBooks, all those cables jacked into your source of internet porn might lead to accidental autoerotic asphyxiation. Avoid an embarrassing obituary with the Zip charger, which de-clutters your desk with a single charging hub that powers at least three gadgets through conductive magnetism. Just plug one of the sperm-shaped couplers into your device of choice, slide it near the Zip station, and—*snap!*—your gadget automatically connects to one of its recharging dimples. It detaches just as easily if you get a call or need to grab your gizmo in a hurry.



### ■ Camera-phone lenses Photojojo • \$50

If you're a photography aficionado (i.e., you prefer a camera that doesn't also play *Angry Birds*), just skip ahead to the Pet of the Year pictorial. For everyone who shoots from the hip, consider spicing up your camera-phone pics with these add-on lenses, which offer surprisingly convincing fish-eye, macro, and telephoto functionality. They snap to a magnetic ring that sticks to any smartphone camera (and even laptop cameras), and each of the three included lenses comes with a ring and lens cap. Tote them around with your keys and become an iPhone paparazzo.

### ■ Blade gaming laptop Razer • \$2,800

Despite its manufacturer's hyperbolic claims to the contrary, the Blade is not the world's first laptop devoted to gaming, but it is the fanciest—and one of the most expensive. The system's appeal goes beyond its punchy guts, which include the latest Core i7 processor and a battery-saving Nvidia graphics chip. Like some superduper Game Boy, the Blade is built with a touch screen that supplements its 17-inch monitor, serving as a secondary display for PC games. Use it to manage your arsenal in first-person shooters or track stats in adventure games. Ten tactile keys set above the touch screen adapt in function—and even appearance—depending on the game. And since it's not even an inch thick and weighs less than seven pounds, the nimble Blade is as portable as it is powerful. 





# HIGH AND MIGHTY

Winter is coming. Stay frosty with our guide to the ultimate snow-sports gear.

By Crispin Boyer

## ■ Aspect snowshoes

Atlas • \$270

Snowboarding boots and hiking shoes will only take you so far out-of-bounds before you wind up in over your head. To really explore the backcountry, strap on a pair of snowshoes. The Aspect, which is forged with sawtooth ridges around the perimeter for maximum grip on ice and packed snow, will keep you high and dry with the comfort of a spring-loaded suspension. A pop-up heel lift takes the pressure off your ankles while climbing steep grades, making these lightweight shoes the next best thing to a portable chairlift.



## ■ Airbrake goggles

Oakley • From \$220

Soupy whiteouts one minute, bedazzling sunshine the next—mountain weather never makes up its damn mind. These multi-lens goggles equip you for Mother Nature's many moods. They're the most advanced goggles in their category, and feature an oversize tab atop the frame that ejects the lens in a swift, glove-friendly motion—so easy you can switch lenses while still wearing the goggles. The Airbrake comes with two fog-proof lenses (one for sunny days, one for overcast conditions), and you can purchase additional weather-specific varieties straight from Oakley.



## ■ Happy Hour snowboard

K2 Snowboarding • \$460

Expect to get a lot of double takes in the lift line when you strap on this suggestively shaped board, which is built with a pointy nose and tail purely for aesthetic reasons. The board's funky shape, eye-popping graphics, and ultraflat design hide a high-tech composite core that pops off the mountain when you hit the kickers or ollie onto boxes. Performance rails help you swing around the tail at the speed of thought, while the board's bottom is coated with a natural base that retains wax long after typical sticks run dry.





■ **ContourROAM video camera**  
**Contour • \$200**

Strapping a camera to your winter-sports ensemble is surprisingly empowering: You ride faster, jump higher, and attempt terrain-park stunts that would normally instill paralyzing fear. The ROAM HD video camera is the easiest to operate of the adventure cameras. Just mount its waterproof housing to your helmet and tap its oversize button to power on and begin recording. Onboard image and audio processors automatically compensate for brightness and wind noise, capturing wide-angle photos or video up to 1080p at 30 frames per second. The Contour's sturdy case can withstand even brutal impacts, so you can ride fast, die young, and leave a beautiful Facebook video.

■ **Pit Boss pack**  
**CamelBak • \$100**

Designed for skiers and riders who'd rather choose their own adventures, the Pit Boss offers bottomless storage—and three liters of hydration—for a full day way off-piste. The front pocket is roomy enough for essential emergency gear, including a shovel and an avalanche probe. Carry straps on the back stow your skis or board for hoofing it out-of-bounds. Three glove-friendly zippers grant full access to the pack's contents, so you'll spend less time fumbling for your lunch. It's lightweight but a bit bulky for the chairlift, so skiers and riders keen on groomed runs might prefer CamelBak's slimmer Tycoon bag.



■ **Circulator boot dryer**  
**DryGuy • \$30**

Nothing attracts snow bunnies like a flawless session in the terrain park. And nothing repels them like a fragrant swamp-foot affliction from wearing the same sweat-soaked boots day after day. Avoid cultivating new strains of toe jam with portable foot-shaped heaters that use thermal convection to dry fetid ski and snowboard boots in a matter of hours. The quiet and compact Circulator distributes heat throughout your boots, yet doesn't produce any damaging hot spots. Best of all, you'll never again subject your feet to soggy boots on a cold morning.



■ **Mix Master Mitts**  
**Burton • \$160**

Fiddling with your iPod or iPhone playlist while wearing snow gloves can be frustrating. Doing it while rocketing down a double black diamond could be fatal. A wireless remote embedded in these gloves simplifies the soundtrack-selection process. Control volume, pause the current tune, or switch to the next track all with buttons built into the back of the thumb; your iPod/iPhone can be stored out of reach. Technical gimmickry notwithstanding, the Mix Master Mitts are a nice pair of gloves, sewn of sturdy leather and featuring a waterproof membrane that keeps your digits toasty.

■ **Fire Arrow FI ski boots**  
**Nordica • \$749**

These high-performance boots for high-performance shredders were built to take advantage of the broader, more ambitious shape of modern skis. The secret is in the shell design, which offers more lateral precision and ankle articulation. An advanced buckle system locks the heels in tight, creating a more intimate connection between man and mountain. The upshot of all these buzzwords: You expend less energy for increased performance. The Fire Arrow FIs are all-mountain boots, but they're not suitable for all skill levels. Only experts need apply. 〇





# MOVE OVER, ROVER


**Your girlfriend's dog isn't man's best friend if it insists on being a third wheel at bedtime. Our twenty-first-century rogue offers fantastical futuristic solutions.**

**Illustration by Celia Calle**

*My new girlfriend has a dog and she lets it sleep in her bed, and the freaking thing refuses to leave the room when we have sex. If we lock it out, it whines outside the door till we open it. If we let it in, he watches us, and it weirds me out when the stupid mutt gets a hard-on—which happens every damn time. I tried closing the dog in the bedroom so we could have sex in the living room or bathroom, but my girlfriend won't do that unless her roommate is out of town. And she hates my roommate, so she won't screw at my place at all. What should I do?*

**H**ave you thought about strapping something to the mutt so it can participate? No, not that kind of strap-on. I'm talking about a head cam! Even if the footage comes out shakier than a Lars von Trier film, it might help you to imagine the dog as an auteur of fine erotica who just happens to drink out of a water bowl (he wouldn't be the first director with eccentric habits). This way, instead of old Bingo creeping you out by staring at your boner like, well, a dog without a bone, he'll be bringing something to the mix. In fact, if you set him up with a webcam, you might even be able to monetize the situation. Just tell yourself that when he barks it means, "Flip her over doggie-style. I have a guy in the chat room who wants you to take her to the dog pound."

If being on camera just doesn't turn you on, imagine the pup is the voyeuristic tool of the hot office intern who's been making eyes at you. I figure in the future you'll be able to travel back in time and implant spy cameras in animals' eyes—so it's perfectly possible that this chick has done just that with your girl's dog and set up a webcam of her own, and she's lying back, fully naked, diddling her moist hoo-hah while she watches you hook up with your girlfriend.

I know what you're thinking: There's no way you're going to talk yourself into believing any of this. But you'd be surprised how easy it can be if you just give the dog a funky set of shades (maybe those Kanye West ones) and wrap its tail in tinfoil so it's easier for it to transmit images. 



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and the other  
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# THAT'S THE SPIRIT

Looking for a last-minute gift? Choosing the right spirit for your boss, your buddy, and especially your woman can be much easier than you might think. Be of good cheer!

By Deirdre Goldbeck

## RUM DIARY

Do a friend a favor and introduce him to **Ron Añejo Botran Solera 1893** (\$35). This full-bodied rum gets its deep amber color and rich flavor from a blend of 5- to 18-year-old handcrafted Guatemalan rums that have been aged in the brand's distinct Solera process. One sip and the recipient will believe you spent much more than you did.

**Starr African Rum** (\$33) is distilled several times and bottled on the African island of Mauritius, where the rich volcanic soil plays a role in the light rum's clean taste. The hints of citrus, minerals, and spicy cardamom mean it's great for cocktails and punches. It's bottled in stunning translucent red glass and is sure to impress.

**Cruzan Single Barrel** (\$32), produced by the Nelthropp family in St. Croix, begins with a blend of vintage rums aged for up to 12 years. This blend is then aged for an additional year in virgin American-oak barrels. Each individually numbered bottle contains rum that's smooth-tasting and full-bodied, so it makes a great after-dinner drink, either neat or on the rocks.



## SHAKEN, NOT STIRRED

The goose is on the loose this holiday season. **Grey Goose** original (\$35) hails from France's cognac region and is produced using a five-step distillation process that involves French wheat and pure spring water. The resulting fresh taste also carries over into the other Grey Goose variants: **La Poire**, **L'Orange**, and **Le Citron**.

For the art/vodka lover, **Van Gogh Blue** (\$29) makes an interesting choice. But the eye-catching bottle is just part of the gift. The best wheat from France, Germany, and Holland is used to craft this spirit, resulting in a clean, dry taste that works equally well for simple as well as creative cocktails. If you can get your hands on the special holiday gift set for the same price as a single bottle, you'll also get six flavored minis, each in its own distinctively designed bottle.

When it comes to selecting a libation for your chocolate-loving lady, surprise her with a bottle of **Godiva's Chocolate Infused Vodka** (\$30). The five-times distillation process produces a rich flavor that's perfect for a chocolate Martini, plus the luxurious taste is good enough to stand on its own. For variety, there's also a **Chocolate Raspberry Infused Vodka**. After all, life shouldn't be limited to just a box of chocolates.



## HECHO EN MÉXICO

**Partida Elegante Extra Añejo** (\$350) starts its 36- to 40-month aging process in 200-liter Jack Daniel's barrels. At the 24-month mark, a portion is transferred to 100-liter barrels. This extra step in the aging process intensifies both color and flavor, adding notes of chocolate, fruit, and vanilla. The tequila is later blended back into the original barrel to create a smooth, rich-tasting spirit. It's beautifully bottled and elegantly boxed, like its name.

Sixteen years ago, the Jose Cuervo brand celebrated its 200th anniversary by issuing the first limited editions of its **Reserva de la Familia** (\$100). Each hand-blown bottle is filled, corked, sealed, and individually numbered and dated. As for the handcrafted box, each year the Cuervo family selects a local artist to design the artwork. This finely crafted, mellow-tasting tequila is perfect for the person at the top of your list.

**Don Julio 70 Añejo Claro** (\$70) originates from the Master Distiller's special reserve and commemorates the tequila brand's 70th anniversary. It also has the distinction of being the world's first clear añejo. Hand-harvested blue agave is twice distilled, aged for 18 months in reclaimed white-oak barrels, then filtered to crystal clarity. This limited edition comes specially gift-boxed in black and silver.



## WHISKY AND WHISKEY

The bottle may be different, but what's inside is still the same signature **Johnnie Walker Blue** (\$220), and well worth savoring. The newly revamped, sleek-looking bottle pays homage to the elegant nineteenth-century original. Complimentary engraving is available ([JohnnieWalker.com](http://JohnnieWalker.com)), and adds even more class to an already classy whisky.

The **Macallan Sherry Oak 18 Year Old** (\$150) is a single malt that offers the rich taste and lingering finish of dried fruits, spices, citrus, and wood smoke. It's perfect for a Scotch drinker, and it comes already dressed in its own purple-hued bling box.

Another outstanding choice is **Jameson Irish Whiskey** (\$25). Its natural flavor of pure Irish water and kiln-dried malt and unmalted barley helps distinguish it from the smoky-peat taste of Scotch. Triple distillation in copper pot stills rounds it out, and additional aging in bourbon- and sherry-seasoned casks makes it nice and mellow on the tongue.

Your bourbon-loving buddy will go for **Jim Beam Devil's Cut** (\$24). The liquid that evaporates during the bourbon-making process is called "the angel's share." The residual liquid that gets trapped in the wood is extracted and blended back into the bourbon to create this spirit. The devil may be in the details, but in this case it's a good thing.

**Bulleit Rye** (\$28) is produced using the highest-quality rye, along with water from an ancient glacier aquifer that maintains a constant temperature of 56 degrees. The blend is then aged for a minimum of four years in newly charred oak barrels. Even at 90 proof, it's smooth and sweet and can be enjoyed neat, on the rocks, or in a favorite cocktail.

## COGNAC CONNOISSEUR

**Quintessence** (\$800), the newest Grand Marnier expression, is a complex blend of select and vintage cognacs, which are then combined with a double-distilled bitter-orange essence and aged in French-oak casks.

Such a unique process means there are only 2,000 of these individually numbered bottles. Elegance may come at a price, but the reward is no less sweet.



## LONDON TOWN

Elevate someone's G&T to a T&T with **Tanqueray London Dry Gin** (\$20). Copper stills along with angelica, coriander, juniper, liquorice, and a four-times

distillation process help create a unique flavor. Sophisticated taste plus the festive-looking silver-tone bottle, with its green banner and red waxed seal, equals holiday in a bottle. ☺





 [pet of the year]



# *Pet of the Year* year of the rose

Shakespeare coined the saying, "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," but 20-year-old Jenna Rose brings it to life. Our October 2011 Pet of the Month has been renamed the 2012 Pet of the Year, and that change only enhances the beautiful 34-24-35 brunette. We're sure you're looking forward to spending the upcoming year with her as much as we are.

Photographs by Cisco Lamessi and Preston Geoffrey Parker

Antique-key necklace by Penthouse Jewelry, available at [PenthouseStore.com](http://PenthouseStore.com).



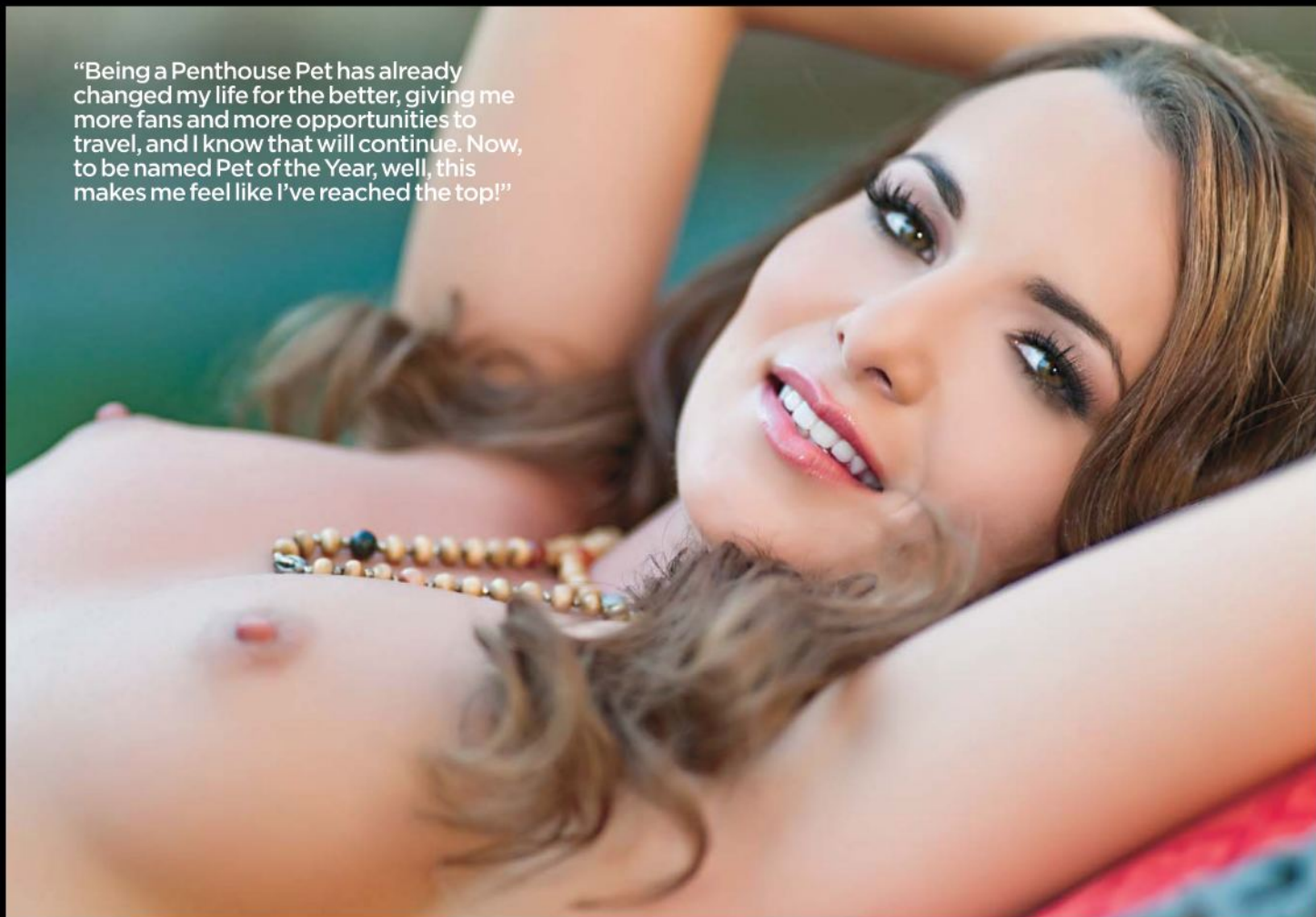








"Being a Penthouse Pet has already changed my life for the better, giving me more fans and more opportunities to travel, and I know that will continue. Now, to be named Pet of the Year, well, this makes me feel like I've reached the top!"





"I can't wait to start traveling around the world to represent *Penthouse*, and to meet and make even more new fans. Talking to fans and getting feedback from them is what keeps me moving forward in my career."







*Pets of the Year*



"My neck is very sensitive, so anyone who knows how to work on it sensually is bound to get me excited. Then he'd better watch out!"















"I've made love in many exciting places, and that list continues to grow. A recent high point was in Virginia, on a tractor out in an open field. I'll never look at a tractor the same way again."



*Pet of the Year*







"I've had a Mark Wahlberg fantasy for years: to get him alone for a weekend. Oh, the things I could do with him, me, and a few items from the Penthouse Store."

SEE MORE OF JENNA AT [PENTHOUSE.COM](http://PENTHOUSE.COM).





# 11TH-HOUR SANTA

*Clock ticking on your holiday gift list? Consult our guide. Or better yet, just hand it to your wife.*

By John Bolster

**W**

e know how it is: All year long you notice item after item in store windows, online, or at your wife's brother-in-law's house that would either look great on you, be awesome to use, or ... really tie the room together.

Then the holidays roll around, your girl asks you what you want—and you draw a complete blank.

You know what? It doesn't have to be that way. Here's how you stop the madness: Refer your girl to the following list. We guarantee she'll find a handful of bulls-eye gifts for you—and her brother-in-law (aka your irritating brother).

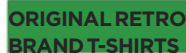


## BUMPY PITCH

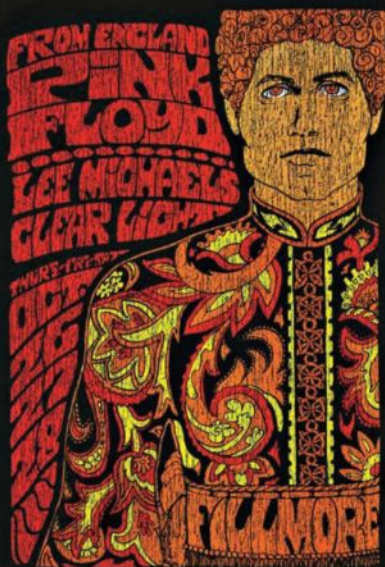
There's throwback cool, and then there's next-level throwback cool. That's where Bumpy Pitch comes in. Makers of ultrastylish retro soccer T-shirts and apparel, Bumpy Pitch has outfitted the likes of two-time NBA MVP Steve Nash, MLS superstar David Beckham, and Rob McElhenry of *It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia*. The company's shirts are not only cool, they also come with a story attached, whether it's the background of the Fall River Marksman, an internationally successful U.S. pro-soccer team from the 1930s (that's right), or the wicked Rose City axes-and-flower logo (signifying one of MLS's latest entries, the Portland Timbers). They also donate soccer balls to needy kids around the globe—one for every product sold—and run an online magazine at [OriginalWinger.com](http://OriginalWinger.com). BPFC Laurel Crest, \$30







We're partial to the dark-blue Arkansas tee with the red razorback roaring across the front, but you can find a shirt for every taste at this leading supplier of throwback gear, from college sports to pro, rock 'n' roll to old-school beer, and even politics and vintage cartoons. They all evoke a bygone era with low-key style. Oklahoma Sooners men's short-sleeve tee, \$38; Pink Floyd men's short-sleeve tee, \$38

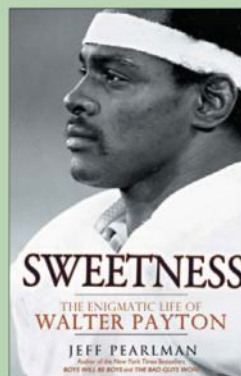


## THE CLICKER

It's the kind of invention that makes you go, "Of course! Why hasn't this been around for years?" It's a universal remote with a built-in bottle opener (see?). Now, does combining two so frequently misplaced items make the end result even more difficult to keep track of, or less? The jury's still out on that one, but there's nothing to doubt about the clever convenience of this device, which can be programmed for up to eight components, and also supports twin-view and picture-in-picture functions. MyClicker.com. \$25

# SPORTS BOOKS

**A diverse sampling of three of the top sports books of 2011.**

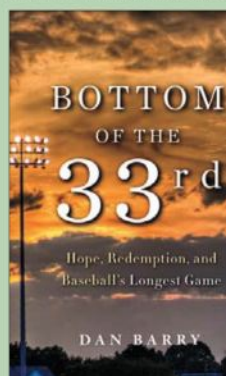


## Sweetness: The Enigmatic Life of Walter Payton

By Jeff Pearlman

This one, by *Penthouse* contributor Pearlman generated a shit storm of publicity when it was published this past fall. Predictably, most of its critics had not read the book; they were outraged that sections of it

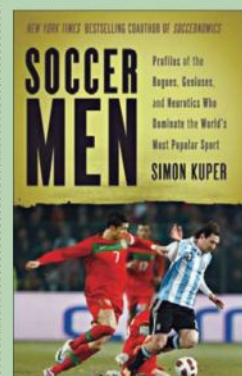
portrayed Payton as anything less than a paragon of heroic virtue. He was, of course, not quite perfect—like every human being—and Pearlman presents a complete, penetrating, and ultimately affectionate portrait. \$30



## Bottom of the 33rd


By Dan Barry

We have a borderline religious rule against soft-focus, misty-eyed nostalgia for the game of baseball, and would never recommend a book in that vein. And yet ... we're making an exception for Barry's incisive, meditative account of the longest game in pro-baseball history—the 33-inning marathon in 1981 between the Triple-A Pawtucket Red Sox and the Rochester Red Wings. \$27



## Soccer Men

By Simon Kuper

This series of profiles of players, coaches, and general managers of the world's game by Kuper, one of the planet's top footy journalists, does exactly what we wish all the insufferable George Will-style baseball books out there would do. That is, bring the game down to Earth, locate it in gritty reality as opposed to a lush field of dreams—and make it all the more entertaining in the effort. \$17 



# THAT SMELL

**IN A MORIBUND ECONOMY, MANY PEOPLE ARE CONSIDERING JOBS THEY'D NEVER THOUGHT OF. BUT BECOMING A TRAUMA-SCENE MEDICAL-WASTE PRACTITIONER MAY NOT BE FOR EVERYONE. TAKING A HANDS-ON APPROACH IS ONE WAY TO FIND OUT.**

**BY HARMON LEON**





# OF

# DEATH

When a person is shot in the head and his or her cerebellum splatters against a bedroom wall, the brains are very hard to clean off the surface. Popcorn ceilings are the worst—matter gets stuck inside the crevices. Brains are composed of 12 percent fat (essentially, they're cholesterol), which hardens when it dries. The brains I'm cleaning have been here just a few hours, so I can only imagine the difficulty of the task if the substance had been lingering for weeks.

"You have to rehydrate it," David O'Brien explains to me and his other attentive pupils, who are dressed in matching white blood-borne-pathogen jumpsuits. "Applying a high-grade industrial disinfectant kills numerous viruses and pathogens, as well as rehydrates it for easy removal."

For the past eight years, O'Brien has been a crime- and trauma-scene



cleaner, decontaminating toxic locations of grisly murders, suicides, and meth labs, as well as gross-filth hoarder homes. O'Brien got the idea to venture into this industry after overhearing a friend who had worked as a body transporter at a crematorium speaking about the horrific mess that the family is left to deal with after the police, paramedics, coroner, and medical examiner leave. These days O'Brien not only does the job, but also conducts a hands-on training academy, Crime and Trauma Scene Decontamination Training Academy (CTS-Decon-Training-Academy.com), for those who want to become certified and learn the finer points of being a trauma-scene biohazardous-medical-waste practitioner.

"Someone's got to do it," O'Brien says offhandedly, but he takes his work seriously. He's not a fan of the film *Sunshine Cleaners*, for instance. "That's a joke," he scoffs. "They pull a mattress out of a crime scene and trip over it." In real life a bloody mattress is a biohazard—a pro will don protective gear and cut up the contaminated material into 12- to 14-inch squares, then layer it into a medical-waste con-

litter box. You know, I love jobs where there's shit up to my knees; they pay the best."

Eight of us are gathered for O'Brien's crime-scene-cleaning class in the backyard of a house that literally smells of death, in a gated community in a Las Vegas suburb. O'Brien rents the house for the hands-on training from a woman who found his advertisement online; she wanted the extra money to pay her mother's medical bills. O'Brien's crew has splattered the bedrooms and bathroom with animal blood, and littered the house with live, crawling maggots.

"Wait until you get to that famous pillow!" Tim (a former student) grins. He's a decontamination specialist from New England. "Amber's in there playing with the maggots." Amber (also a former student) already has a crime-scene-cleaning business in Virginia—she's here with some of her employees to get advanced training from O'Brien. But at the moment, all I can think about is exactly what might be in the "famous pillow." What horrors have been concocted for us?

We suit up outside by the garage, ready to take on the faux crime scene. I zip up my white jumpsuit: size

Amber answers as she emerges from behind a closed door. "Maggots do a number on me—I pretend they're caterpillars," she says with a charming smile. "Nothing can really mentally prepare you for the real thing. When we enter a crime/trauma scene, a majority of the time we can see visible traces of where the body was."

Whether you're mentally prepared or not, there's no disguising what the work entails. "When a body expands from gases and blows up, you get all the gas, skin, hair, the matter, everywhere," O'Brien explains. "You pull up to the house and flies are already all over your car."

Amber talks about one job she did that "had urine bottles everywhere. The tub and toilet were filled with human waste. It was hard as a rock from sitting there for so many months. [Pause] That stuff is disgusting."

But there are rewards: "You're going to feel like you know these people because you're cleaning their stuff," Amber says, regarding cleaning up a family's house after a murder or suicide. "They'll thank you with tears in their eyes."

"You find crazy stuff on suicide cleanups," Tim adds. Which reminds



The famous pillow



tainer lined with a red biohazard bag. O'Brien stresses, "I treat everything as if it's potentially infectious. This is not a joke; this is deadly."

He tells me of a \$40,000 gig he accepted when an unnamed Hollywood starlet passed away. The flies from the deceased's premises ended up transmitting biohazardous contamination throughout the condo below hers—requiring decontamination of the downstairs as well. Then there was the \$28,000 job in a house inhabited by an elderly lady who'd kept dozens of cats; when she was found, her felines were eating her and there was a severe case of animal defecation and urination everywhere. "It took two weeks to clean up," O'Brien recalls. "For six years, those cats were using the whole house as a

XXXXL, which adds mobility and prevents the crotch from ripping when squatting down to wipe up splattered brain matter. Sleeves are duct-taped to the wrists. Respirators are tested on each and every student to ensure that there are no air gaps, and that the student cannot smell anything at all. A triple layer of gloves is put on. (If your cellphone rings, the top glove can easily be taken off so the phone can be answered without contaminating it.) Our eight-person crew looks like a merry band of profusely sweating Stay Puft marshmallow men. We spend 20 minutes strenuously working, with a 10-minute break to avoid overheating—just as we would on a real job.

"How do you mentally prepare for a real-life crime-scene job?" I ask.

O'Brien to advise the class not to wear perfume or cologne on the job so families will not associate that scent "with their 14-year-old son who blew his head off with a shotgun."

Finally we enter the contaminated house, moving from the cold zone to the hot zone: the biohazardous bedrooms and bathroom. The strong blood stench wafts through the suburban home. With gallows humor, O'Brien proclaims, "I smell money!"

Like a pack of white Smurfs, we tromp through the place. O'Brien explains that the smell should last only for about two days or less... depending on how fast we remove the source. The homeowner takes a whiff of the horrendous odor now permeating her home. With forced optimism and a weak smile, she says,



"It's not so bad this time; there have been other classes conducted here that were a lot worse than this."

O'Brien swings open the bedroom door. Inside it looks like a Manson Family reunion. Fake brains—composed of animal tissue—are thickly splattered all over the walls and ceiling. An elaborate Jackson Pollock-style spattering of animal blood is everywhere. The beds are soaked in dry red residue. Maggots squirm on the bed and floor. The stench—murky and thick—goes straight to my watering eyes. I quickly start breathing through my mouth.

"Always be aware of your surroundings," O'Brien commands. "This is what it smells like after a few hours. Imagine what it smells like after a few weeks. The smell will get up into your mucous membranes and stay there for two weeks; every time you belch you will taste it," he says. "I want you to really smell it," he stresses. "If anyone feels the least bit woozy—stop. I want you to take a break. No matter how gruesome this is, nothing will prepare you for the real thing." Then, gesturing to a box in the corner: "Unhook that bag. Hold that container up."

We uncomfortably shift our feet as the Christmas surprise is unwrapped. Inside are brown remnants of a crusty pillow—the famous pillow. This head cushion was taken from an actual crime/trauma scene, from under the cranium of a deceased prostitute who had numerous viruses.

"I want you to get familiar with the smell," O'Brien says, as we line up to take a whiff. "It's the smell of death and [you need to] know how to identify it."

"Yeah, we're good," says one guy, quickly backing away.

The group teams up to clean the two blood- and brain-stained bedrooms and the blood-sprayed bathroom. "Cut up the mattress with a utility knife," O'Brien says. "Wherever you see blood, cut it out."

The high-grade disinfectant spray—which kills every germ known to humanity—makes me sneeze inside my respirator mask. Apparently I do not have it on properly.

One of Amber's employees looks physically distraught as he sprays the bloody walls, then makes light circular motions with a paper towel—the best technique to remove body fluids. Meanwhile, his cheery wife makes her way to the biohazard bags. "Whoops, I dropped some brains," she says.



**FAKE BRAINS ARE THICKLY SPLATTERED  
ALL OVER THE WALLS AND CEILING. THE  
BEDS ARE SOAKED IN DRY RED RESIDUE.  
MAGGOTS SQUIRM ON THE BED AND FLOOR.**

On day two, everyone shows up promptly at 8:45 A.M. While suiting up, O'Brien starts asking questions about the OSHA standards on touching blood-borne pathogens. He continues to question students as the carpets and padding are cut up and the walls and ceilings are decontaminated and cleaned. (Students will be required to complete a final exam that consists of 165 questions and five essay questions.)

Then, after lunch, they clean up all the equipment and the biohazard containers, and, before a lesson in odor remediation, a ladder is set in place just below the ventilation duct, and the filters are removed and disposed of before an ozone generator is set up to clean the air.

"I have every single photo of every single incident—180 photos per scene,"

O'Brien says as I wade through maggots, the blood stench permeating my every pore and hair. "This is a good job—for the right people."

"There's nothing glamorous about this; we're not looking for fame. We're here to help the distraught. At their worst moment in life, we are literally their knights in shining armor."

If it weren't for the tanking economy, it's doubtful many of these wannabe knights would be at the training. But, as one guy from a mainstream cleaning operation in Kansas City tells me, his company chose to expand its services after being asked to clean up after a man who was gunned down at a bus stop. "We didn't know how to do that," he says. "That's why we came out here. It's a really good time to get into this business."





# Typhoid Ted

A college professor  
learns a hard lesson about the  
dark side of the internet.

By Ted Gup  
Illustration by Chris Hiers




quarantined. As the wave of responses came back to me from every address in my account, I realized something had to be done. Students on the help desk (once their snickering abated) advised me that my computer needed debugging. Then one of them attempted to reset my password, inadvertently locking me out of my own account. And so I was forced to reach out and touch someone (not literally—it's just the company's well-known slogan), and plead that something be done to salvage what little was left of my dignity. Initially, I was informed that I did not exist, that my account was ancient and had been relegated to a section whose own existence was in doubt. I was then shuffled back and forth between a half dozen of the provider's technicians before someone named "Lilly" in Hyderabad took mercy on me. Together, we began to walk the path toward spiritual enlightenment, which is to say, changing my password.

As you might imagine, it was a simple matter, nothing more than answering a few basic questions designed to protect my identity—their concern for which felt vaguely like that of the fireman who hands you a key found among the ashes of what had been your house. Of course, because I'd had the account for more than a decade, I had no recollection of what the questions were, much less the answers. Question one was the name of my first pet. I ran through the list, starting with "Tweetie," my parakeet who died from a hernia. Sorry, that wasn't it. Then I tried "Rags," the German shepherd, so named for tearing everything to shreds. From there we moved on to "Brandy," our Saint Bernard, and then expanded the list to a veritable Noah's Ark of snakes, lizards, gerbils, and rabbits. It was all good fun, but the password was drawing no nearer and my BlackBerry sounded like a Vegas slot machine as the responses to my emailed solicitation continued to pour in.

I was getting nowhere fast. Could we try another category, I asked, reminiscent of a frustrated game-show contestant on the verge of elimination. Of course, said she. "Who is your favorite singer?" A long silence filled the air. Who was my favorite singer a decade ago when I filled out the bloody form? Mick Jagger? Nope. James Taylor? Nope. Stumped again. I could tell she was beginning to feel sorry for me. "I'll give you a hint," said she. (Now, I'm a great fan of compassion, but in matters of security and ID, it was at once comforting and disconcerting that we were now in the realm of hints—"getting warmer" is not what you want your bank, your credit-card company, or your internet provider to tell an inquiring world.) Still, I was in no position to quibble.

"It starts with a 'B,'" she said. "B?" I repeated.

Nothing. And then it came to me—"Bruce Springsteen?" Yes, she said, and suddenly the clouds parted, the riches of my own password were mine for the asking, and I could once again claim authorship of my emails. By then more than four hours had elapsed—along with a condition of utter humiliation persistent enough to warrant a visit to the doctor, or a shrink. 

ast month, I emailed 2,000 of my closest friends worldwide, urging them to buy one of today's hottest-selling products. This marvel of science is designed to address a personal problem that, as chair of a college journalism department, I can tell you has little to do with education, though it goes by the letters "ED." I have no recollection of sending the missive. That's because I didn't. It was a gremlin in my computer that did the deed. I merely reaped the benefits....

Who would have guessed my endorsement would make such a splash? The responses were overwhelming. A colleague on the faculty congratulated me on my creative solution to the department's financial problems. A woman in her eighties—a friend of my mother's—expressed puzzlement that I had changed careers so late in life. A long-forgotten classmate expressed delight to hear from me, and to see that I was still up to my old tricks. A former girlfriend used the occasion to reject me yet again with the word "SPAM" in her subject line. A book reviewer from whom I had hoped for a few kind words suggested I was a contagion. Others made even less charitable observations, most of which cannot be repeated here. And then there were the hundreds of astute observers who know me well enough to suggest that something might be up (sorry), that this was vaguely out of character. Such keen insight is one of the true benefits of academic life.

To many I was now Typhoid Ted, someone to be





# CRIMINAL MIND

TALKING WITH JON ROBERTS,  
WHOSE GANGSTER MEMOIR,  
*AMERICAN DESPERADO*,  
IS AN INSTANT CLASSIC OF  
TRUE-CRIME LITERATURE.

BY JOHN BOLSTER

Jon Roberts's life story is so remarkable that when you hear it, you're bound to think, *Why haven't I heard of this person before?*

Unless you saw the 2006 documentary *Cocaine Cowboys*, you haven't heard of him—and even if you have seen that doc, you know only half of Roberts's epic story. For starters, he came into this world not as Jon Pernell Roberts, but as Jon Riccobono—son of Nat Riccobono and nephew of Sam and Joe, notorious Mafia capos with roots stretching to the 1930s, Murder Inc., and Lucky Luciano. As Evan Wright, who cowrote Roberts's recent memoir, *American Desperado*, puts it, Roberts “was born a Mafia blue blood.” Schooled in sociopathic ruthlessness by his father, who once murdered a stranger over a traffic dispute in front of a seven-year-old Jon, Roberts took those lessons and expanded them in the course of a bloody criminal career that included a stint as an assassin in Vietnam, an extralegal New York City nightclub entrepreneur, one of the chief American cocaine importers for the Medellín cartel, and an arms smuggler for the CIA (really).

*American Desperado* details these bullet points on the Roberts résumé, along with hundreds of astounding anecdotes from his life of crime involving a rogues' gallery of prominent politicians, celebrities, outsize thugs, famous athletes, and iconic entertainers. Roberts owned multiple homes, raised racehorses, dated models and wannabe actresses (including Toni Moon, whose claim to fame is the poster for the forgotten Ryan O'Neal movie *So Fine*), and, in the late 1980s, escaped “the life” with a slap-on-the-wrist jail sentence and no credible enemies.

Today Roberts is 64 and a free man living in South Florida with his wife, Neomi, and his 11-year-old son, Julian. He's free, but he does have a death sentence hanging over his head: Roberts has stage IV cancer and is in the midst of chemotherapy. That was one impetus for the book and subsequent movie deal (through Paramount, with *Friday Night Lights*' Peter Berg slated to direct)—Roberts wants to provide for his son and wife before he dies.

We spoke to him after a chemo session this past fall. He told us about the credo he learned from his father, the movies that get crime right, and waterskiing with Jimi Hendrix.

**Early in your memoir, you mention how your father taught you that evil is stronger than good. Was that something he said to you, or did you just formulate it from watching him in action?**

Well, you know, you're a young kid—five, six years old—and you're not real sure as to where things are going. But then he shows you things. For example, my mother would tell him to take me to school. We'd get in the car and then we wouldn't go to school. I started to see that his whole belief system and feelings in life were totally different than other people's. I saw so many different things go down.



The future  
"Cocaine Cowboy"  
as a more traditional  
buckaroo, age eight.







## [book report]

Then, after I saw my father kill the guy, and just push the car away, I didn't believe that he was wrong. You know? Pretty hard.

### **The guy from that incident was just a random motorist, not a gangster, right?**

Right. [On a one-lane bridge] in Jersey. I would see the way my father handled people and what he would do to people. And I never really saw any repercussions come back to him.

### **There's another scene early in the book when you're introduced at a Miami Heat game as one of the "Cocaine Cowboys," and you get a big round of applause. Why do you think people cheered you like that?**

Well, listen: I don't know what everyone's told you, but I'm not out here doing this because I want to be the most famous guy in the world. I'm doing this because I want my wife and my son to benefit. But when I go out to the Heat games, Miami being what it is, with all the [hip-hop stars]—they judge who is a real gangster and where they came from. I go in the 'hood, they get down in the street and bow to me. You know, like, *Here's the real gangster*.

### **There's an unbelievable cast of real-life characters and stories in *American Desperado*, but if I had to pick one favorite line, it might be this: "I had some good times with Jimi [Hendrix], but he was a disaster on water skis." Can you tell our readers about that?**

Yeah. [Laughs] We used to rent a house on Fire Island every year. Me and my partner Andy would bring our Dobermans out there in the seaplane. Jimi used to come out—he'd come out for one weekend, two weekends, sometimes he'd stay for the whole month, and never leave, because he was so fucked up. He would see us water-ski, and eventually I told him, "Come on, come on, you're gonna learn how to water-ski." So after this and after that, he didn't even hardly know where he was, so he had no problem: "Let's go do it." We took him out, *aaand*, he was, wow—he was something else. He was something else. But, the best music I ever heard.

### **Albert San Pedro, a Cuban gangster in Miami, was an obviously unhinged individual, yet he had several politicians and influential people in his pocket in the 1980s. How did that happen?**

When the Cubans, the refugees, and everybody started coming over here, they went into a particular piece of Miami, which is called Calle Ocho. They made this their Little Havana. And the most powerful Cubans—because the Cubans believed in force—that's who they got to run that city for them. Albert was one of them, and he had clout. He was a very paranoid, brutal man who had deals all over. He bought his own aunt's house next door, and burned it to the ground because he wanted to expand his own house. So that gives you an idea of what he was like. He was not a very stable man. Unpredictable.

### **Speaking of unpredictable, is it true that the cougar you kept in your house once attacked the legendary jockey Angel Cordero Jr.?**



Roberts (middle, with a topless Toni Moon) worked with the notorious Cuban thug San Pedro (top), and helped the Medellín cartel murder former coke smuggler and CIA operative Barry Seal (bottom).

From the back, yeah. We bought a cougar when it was a little baby. I built a cage that adjoined the house, and we used to let her go in and out of the bedroom by herself. She grew to be 150 pounds. My house backed up to the farm where we trained the horses, so I used to have the jockeys come up before a big race and stuff. They all wanted to see the cougar, but I warned them, "She's gonna think that she's bigger than you, so don't turn your back, because she will try to take you down." And that's exactly what happened with Angel. [The cat was declawed at the time, and Cordero was not seriously injured.]

### **You had your hand in so many different enterprises, but until your 1986 arrest, you avoided significant jail time. How did you manage that?**

Well, in New York, I had a connected lawyer. A Jewish kid who was the clerk of the main judge in Bergen County. In Miami, I was partners with Danny Mones, and he was an attorney—a very, very corrupt attorney. He was raised by Meyer Lansky's stepson. They put him through college. Every year, Danny would buy a table at the University of Miami; they would have [an "honorary dinner"] for the judges of Dade County and Broward County. Danny would buy a table, and I would have to chip in. But that pretty much ensured you that, you know, *Okay, what do you have?* [As in, legal issues.] *This is what I have. Okay, don't worry about it.* And it would be taken care of.

### **What movies or TV shows about crime get it right, in your opinion?**

I like *Goodfellas* and *Casino*. As far as TV shows, I watched *The Sopranos* for a while because it was very entertaining. The terminology that they used was pretty much the terminology you used in the





“I GO IN THE ‘HOOD, THEY GET DOWN IN THE STREET AND BOW TO ME. YOU KNOW, LIKE, **HERE’S THE REAL GANGSTER.**”

street. I watched this new show *Boardwalk Empire*, and I really didn’t know much about that crew at all. The other show I watched which I used to really like was called *The Gangster Chronicles*.

**If your ex Toni Moon reads this book, how much of it will be new to her? How much will she know?**

Oh, she knows everything.

**She does?**

Yeah, but she’s another one that [in my opinion] turned out to be a real piece of garbage. Soon as the money stopped coming her way, you know—it’s my fault. Everything is my fault. Even though I built her a second house, I left her a bunch of horses, and, you know, you just find out in life, man, you’re by yourself.

**What do you want people to take away from this book?**

I want my son to realize that [he] is not me. My son is not prepared to spend ten years in a jail cell. He will have every chance in life to get ahead with what I’m preparing and doing for him. And I can’t twist his arm, put his head in, and make him drink it, but I certainly can try to make him understand what it’s about. I hope to benefit, monetarily wise, to where he’s comfortable, and my wife is comfortable.




**Former Miami-Dade Police detective Mike Fisten (above) chased Roberts in the 1980s, unsuccessfully, and knew him only as the “bearded gringo.” Today Roberts (top) lives in Hollywood, Florida, with his wife, Neomi, his son, Julian, and his dogs Sassy and Shooter.**

I want to give them some kind of peace in their minds, which obviously I will never be able to give to myself.

**What’s the status of your current illness?**

I have stage IV cancer, terminal cancer. I’ve been fighting it for two and a half years. I went in the hospital and they told me I was never gonna get out, to make all the preparations. I [used to] constantly work out—I was 180 pounds, and I went to 120, I could hardly get out of bed. Finally I said, “Either I’m gonna get the fuck out of the bed and beat this, or they’re gonna take me.” And I just started taking little walks. It’s not by any means in remission. But ... I’m here. But [the cancer] is everywhere. I don’t have a rectum anymore. My glands are gone. My lungs, my kidneys.... Most people there don’t even understand how I’m walking around. That’s the big joke in the hospital—how I could still be alive.

**Willpower goes a long way, huh?**

It’s all in your head, and—listen, I think I stated it in the book, but I believe in the devil more than I do God. Staying in that hospital and seeing five- and six-year-old little kids going through what I’m going through has given me more belief. What did they do wrong? Maybe I deserve it, but they sure don’t. 



# OVER THEIR DEAD BODIES

*This mortician buries himself in his work—and his female clients.  
As told to Ronnie Koenig*



**W**hen I tell people I'm a funeral director, they either think I'm joking or that I'm some kind of weirdo. Neither is the case—my family has owned a funeral home for several generations in the small town where I live. After college, I decided to get my degree in mortuary science and enter the family business. My uncle told me I would get more women working at the funeral home than I did in college, but I didn't believe him until the first time it happened.

Part of the job requires you to be compassionate to people during what is probably one of the worst days of their lives. It's one thing when an old person dies, but when we see young people come in, it can be hard to deal with. There was a funeral

for a kid who went to a nearby college—he was killed in a car accident. Tons of his friends and classmates showed up and I was busy the whole day, running around making sure the service was going as planned, when an exotic young woman with long, dark hair grabbed me and pulled me into a hug.

At first, I thought she had mistaken me for one of her friends, but then I saw that she had this curvaceous little body packed into a tight suit jacket and skirt, and suddenly I didn't care. Tentatively, I put my arm around her and rubbed her back, not wanting to seem improper. "Is there a place we can go in back?" she asked, looking up at me with these big eyes. I glanced down and couldn't help but notice the serious cleavage at the top of her suit jacket. "Sure," I said. The office was full of people, so instead I led her into the embalming room, which I knew was empty. I asked her if I could get her some water, but she said she





was okay. I had never seen a woman so beautiful and exotic. We hugged again, and this time I felt her hand move down to my ass. Thoughts ran through my mind, like, *What if someone comes in here?* But then I just went with it and we started kissing. "Have you ever done it in here before?" she asked me. I shook my head no just as she started to rub my cock through my pants. Picking her up, I sat her down on the embalming table and put my hands on her bare thighs, spreading her legs open until I could see the tiny bit of lace covering her pussy.

I was used to having naked bodies on this table, but never one so hot, so juicy, and, well, so alive. Pushing her panties to the side, I got a look at her ripe little pussy, which was shaved bare. She sighed with pleasure as I started kissing it. Women have told me that they love being eaten by me because of my facial hair, and judging by the way she was moaning and grabbing the back of my head, I knew I was doing a good job. After she came against my mouth, I couldn't wait any longer. Pulling out my cock, I slid right into her waiting hole. As I fucked her with abandon, she popped open the buttons on her suit jacket, revealing two large breasts with big, dark-brown nipples, which shook all over the place as I fucked her. "Lick your tits," I instructed her, and, obediently, she held one up to her mouth and started licking circles around her hard nipple. In a perfectly blissful moment, I felt my balls tighten and shot my come right inside her. After that, she went back outside and joined her friends. I never saw her again, or even found out her name!

Another part of my job involves picking up bodies. One night, it was close to 1 A.M. when a call came in. When my coworker and I got to the house, we were met at the door by a beautiful young woman with curly red hair and very fair skin. Her eyes were red from crying. "She's in there," she said, pointing to the bedroom. We found an old woman in the bed—apparently she had died in her sleep. "Was that your mother?" I asked. The young woman shook her head no. "I was her home health aide. She was sick for a long time, and we got really close," she explained. After we removed the body, I asked if there was anything else I could do. "I think alcohol is the only thing that's going to make me feel better ... or sex," she said with a little laugh. "I can help you with both of those," I said, and she told me to come back later.

After we dropped off the body, I drove nearly an hour all the way back to the house. When I got there with a six-pack in hand, "Alex" answered the door in her panties and a tank top. She looked like she had already started drinking. "Sorry, this is my first one," she said. She was starting to tear up, so I led her into the kitchen and sat her down on a tall counter chair. I told her that even though it felt like shit, it was going to get better. "I need you to fuck me really hard," she said. It sounded really dirty coming from such a sweet-looking girl. "Take off your panties and turn around," I told her. Alex stood up, slid her underwear off, and then got back up on the chair facing away from me. I pulled her perfect, round little ass into the air, unzipped my pants, and traced the folds of her pussy with the tip of my cock. "Put it in," she begged. Pushing myself into her pink slit, I nearly came right then and there, I was so turned on. "Harder," she instructed me, as I pumped in and out. I grabbed a handful of her hair as I fucked her, and she gripped the chair back. Just as I was about to come, I pulled out, thinking I would do it on her back, but she hopped off the chair, knelt down in front of me, and opened her mouth wide in anticipation of my load. I came right onto her waiting tongue, and watched with pleasure as my jizz dribbled down her chin and she used her fingers to lick up every last drop. "Thanks, you really made me feel better," she said as I left.

The strangest experience I had involved a young woman. I guess you could call her a goth girl—she had jet-black hair and lots of tattoos, and was wearing a black lace corset and high-heel boots. She came in saying that she wanted to make her final arrangements. I asked if she was sick and she said no, she just knew what she wanted and liked to be prepared. She asked to see the casket options, so I led her into our showroom. "This is a nice one," she said, running her hands over the satin inside one of our most expensive models. "Can I try it out?" By this time, I knew she was a freak, but she was a hot freak, and before I could even answer, she got inside and lay down. "You really can't do that," I said half-heartedly. The truth is, I was too focused on watching what she was doing. First she ran her hands all over her body until they reached her breasts. That was when she unhooked the top of her corset, letting her melon-size tits spill out. Her eyes were closed and she seemed to be

**I WAS USED TO HAVING NAKED BODIES ON THE EMBALMING TABLE, BUT NEVER ONE SO HOT, SO JUICY, AND, WELL, SO ALIVE.**

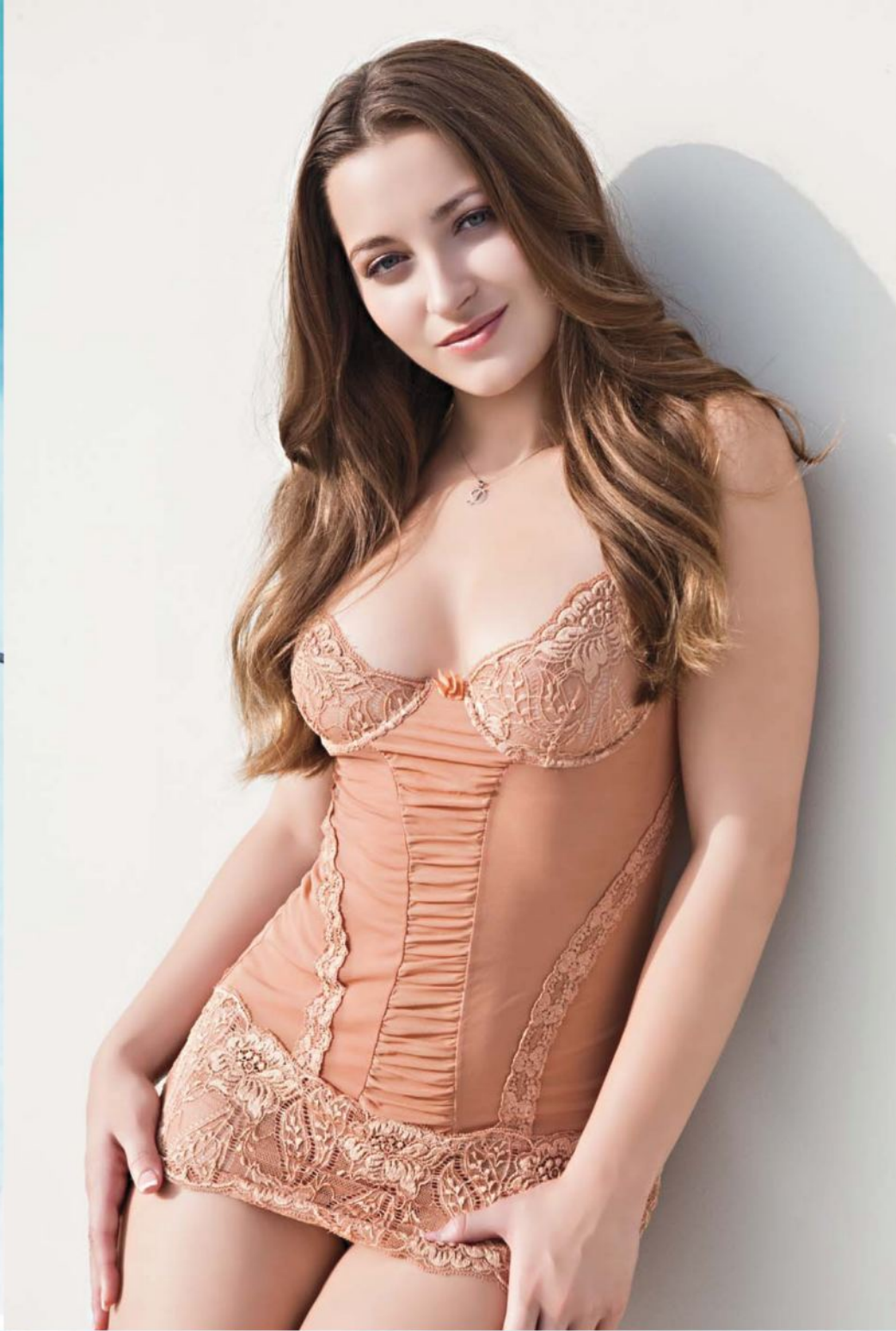
having a religious experience. She pinched each nipple until it got hard, then her hand disappeared under her skirt. The way she was grinding her hips, I knew she was trying to make herself come. Not wanting to feel left out, I took my cock out and began stroking it right over the side of the casket. She looked up at me and smiled, and I climbed in on top of her. Spitting on the area between her tits, I slid my cock between them and squeezed them together. As I slid back and forth, I felt her shaking underneath me and I knew she was coming. I let go, coating her breasts with semen, which she sensually rubbed into each nipple and then tasted.

She didn't buy the casket, but when I sold it to a family the next week, I couldn't help but smile to myself. Being a funeral director can sometimes be a somber profession, but that's not to say it doesn't have its perks. ㊦










# a touch of class

Dani Daniels exudes the charm and confidence of an old-school Hollywood star, so we found the perfect luxurious location and accessories to complement her—an effort the girl-girl starlet raves about: “I loved this photo shoot! Everything was exactly what I would have picked if I’d planned it myself—minimal makeup, a beautiful and modern house, elegant lingerie.”

Photographs by Preston Geoffrey Parker

Penthouse rhinestone bracelet and Jeweled Key necklace by Penthouse Jewelry, available at [PenthouseStore.com](http://PenthouseStore.com).



A woman with long, wavy brown hair is posing on a wide set of concrete stairs. She is wearing a black lace strapless top, black lace underwear with a crisscross back, and black high-heeled pumps. She is looking back over her shoulder at the camera with a smile. The background shows a modern building with glass windows and a white wall.

“I only sleep  
with men I  
want to be in  
a committed  
relationship  
with, and I have  
no problem  
being faithful  
to a boyfriend.  
I’m a one-man/  
many-women  
kind of girl.”







“The first time I had sex, it was spontaneous, funny, and public—which has been a recurring theme. The most exciting was me bent over the hood of a car on the side of the road.”









A woman with long brown hair is lying on her side on a grey couch. She is nude, with her legs bent and her hands resting on her thighs. She is wearing beige high-heeled pumps. Her head is tilted back, and her mouth is open in an 'O' shape. The background shows a staircase and a wall.

“The most remarkable sexual  
experience I’ve ever had  
was my first on-camera scene.  
It was a four-girl scene, with  
very beautiful women. I was so  
intimidated, but once  
we started, it was amazing!”







✚  DANI DANIELS  
JANUARY 2012 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE BIG RIP













"If I could have sex  
with anyone, I would  
have a threesome  
with George Clooney  
and Angelina Jolie."





 **DANI DANIELS**  
**JANUARY 2012 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH**











**Vital stats:**

34D-24-38; 5'7"

22 years old

**Hometown:**

Orange County, California.

**Your favorite thing about your hometown:**

The perfect weather.

**Favorite food:**

My own cooking.

**Favorite drink:**

Coffee.

**Favorite kind of music:**

Rock, metal, classical, jazz, blues, and some dance.

**Favorite workout:**

Turning on loud music and dancing on my stripper pole.

**Your favorite vacation spot:**

Anywhere in Europe, because I can drive to different cities every day: Rome for the weekend, Paris for shopping ...

**Your dream vacation spot:**

I have a life goal of visiting every single country before I die.

**If you won a million dollars, you'd:**

Live out of a suitcase and travel the world.

**You're always up for:**

Traveling and sex ... and sex while traveling.

**What do you do for a living?**

I'm a girl-girl porn star.

**What's your favorite thing about your job?**

Getting to fuck a different beautiful woman every day, and I don't even have to buy her dinner first!

SEE MORE OF DANI AT [PENTHOUSE.COM](https://www.penthouse.com).



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**“I am not a licensed therapist, guru, or magic relationship mender. This is sex and love advice from a guy who has seen both failure and success in the relationship department. I am a little jaded, a little disillusioned, a little sarcastic, yet very honest. Answers may be sincere, absurd, comical, or sometimes flat-out wrong. You’ll have to consider the source, I suppose.”**

**By Dave Navarro**



# nothing's shocking

■ **I am married and having an affair. The “other man” doesn’t seem to want much foreplay, or to even go down on me. I am not really complaining, because I don’t like too much foreplay or oral. I like to get busy right away *most of the time*—but not *all* the time. And he does seem to like it when I go down on him. But I do feel a little cheated. Should I ask him about it (if and when we get together again), or should I let it go because I still enjoy fucking him?**

I thought you were about to ask me how to repair your marriage. Then I read further. Are you kidding me? You don’t like foreplay or oral and the other man doesn’t either, yet you feel cheated? Really? *You* feel cheated? I wonder how your husband feels. Do me a favor and reread your question. You sound like an utter whack job. It’s hard to believe you found two men who want to fuck you, given your entitled and selfish thinking. The truth is, if the other man is as selfish as you, and it sounds like he is, then you are already getting what you give—fair is fair. Not to mention, you don’t even like what it is he *isn’t* doing! (Paging Dr. Freud.)

■ **Why do so many men seem not to understand that women need different forms of stimulation to achieve orgasm?**

Easy. It’s one or both of the following two reasons: Either the man doesn’t ask what the woman wants or the woman doesn’t express what she wants. Speaking for men, you women have so many variables that we have no way of knowing what your specific thing is: up and down, side to side, hard, slow, grinding, fast, fingers in, no fingers, anal play, G spot, clitoris, on top, behind, blah blah blah. Not to mention, some of you throw in “Well, I need an emotional and psychological connection to come” for good measure. Even if we learn all the options, we still don’t know which suits you. *Just say what you want!*

Or all you women can decide what the fuck works and release a step-by-step manual.

Seriously, just have a talk with your man and make it a fun night of revelation and instruction.

■ **How far (if at all) do you think you should push your sexual boundaries to please a significant other, and at**

**what stage in a relationship should it happen? Or should guys shut up and be happy they’re getting laid at all?**


It can be a good and refreshing thing to push the boundaries sexually to keep things new and different in the bedroom. However, being “pushed” is not so great. Stepping out of your comfort zone to please your partner is exciting and fun, provided you’re *both* enjoying the experience. Discuss each other’s wishes and desires prior to experimentation and outline your limits. Sex should be an equal, two-way partnership, and finding yourself in a scenario that isn’t pleasurable can have serious and long-lasting negative effects. Sure, it’s important to please your partner, but it’s just as important to have the self-esteem to say when enough is enough.

And no, guys shouldn’t “shut up and be happy they’re getting laid at all.” Sex and relationships need to be based on trust and communication. Without them, failure is inevitable.

■ **If you like a person but the sex is bad, do you spend time trying to work on it, or do you bail? What do you say to the person? “I don’t think we’re sexually compatible” seems to invite the whole “let’s try to work on it” discussion.**

Personally, if the sex isn’t there I’m out. For me, there are far too many things to work on in a relationship, and having to “work” on sex seems like a lose/lose proposition—especially when I’m fully aware that there are plenty of women out there with whom I wouldn’t have to work on it at all. (Now, to be honest, in my case, I’m a guy with intimacy issues who has to imagine myself strangling a drifter in order to climax during sex, so take my words with a grain of salt.) But the old saying “Once the sex goes, it all goes” kind of applies. What do you think happens if the sex was never there to begin with? On the other hand, there are plenty of people who have had success in the bedroom after working toward a mutual goal through time, work, and communication. I just don’t happen to know anything about that.

■ **I know it’s just protein, but is it really safe for a woman to swallow semen?**

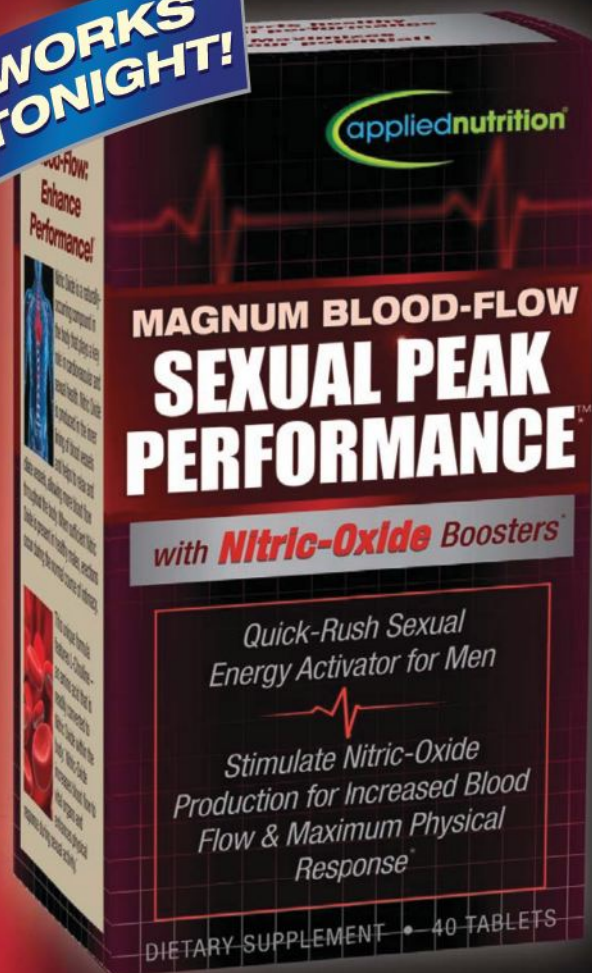
Yes. In fact, not only is it safe, but you will die a slow and painful death at a young age if you don’t swallow at least three to five times a week. 

Submit your questions for Dave at [PenthouseMagazine.com/hottips](http://PenthouseMagazine.com/hottips).



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# BORN TO BE LOVED

**Lucinda Williams still carries “troublesome weights” from her childhood, but her newfound happiness is bringing forth an even more prolific and talented artist.**

**By Alanna Nash**

**T**ime magazine once called Lucinda Williams “America’s best songwriter,” and while she won her first Grammy back in 1994, we think that now, at age 58, with the heralded recent album *Blessed*, she’s still just hitting her stride. Though her trademark sound—a poetic amalgam of roots rock, folk, and bygone honky-tonk—remains intact, her comfortable two-year marriage to Tom Overby, her manager/producer, has allowed her to go outside herself and stretch a bit, just as she does in this interview.

“This is cool!” Williams says about talking to *Penthouse*. “When I was growing up, my dad [celebrated poet Miller Williams] subscribed to the magazine.” She was in a Marietta, Georgia, hotel room before a show, after dodging heavy, golf-ball-size hail running in from her tour bus. Which isn’t to say she doesn’t like things stormy occasionally. But Williams seems to have finally embraced the silver lining in life’s dark clouds.

## **How’s married life?**

It’s great! I’m really blessed and fortunate, because I’m able to be out here [on the road] and have Tom with me.

## **This is your second marriage, right?**

Yeah, but the first one was so short-lived and it’s just so far back in my past. I was married to Greg Sowders, who at the time was the drummer in the Long Ryders. This was in 1986. He was this skinny, cute guy in a cowboy hat, real sweet, very romantic, and real committed. Then my career started to take off. The Long Ryders broke up at the same time I was offered a record deal, and Greg was ready to hang up his drums and start a family. I said, “No, I don’t want to do that.”

So it didn’t work out, but he’s now my [music] publisher. And he came to our wedding. So did Lorne Rall. He was the bass player in the Lonesome Strangers, and one of my longtime boyfriends. The running joke was that most of my boyfriends were bass players. I guess I was what they call a serial monogamist, but I did have three different relationships with bass players. Lorne and I had a real bad breakup, but now we’re really good friends. I like to stay friends with all my ex-boyfriends if I can.

## **Even though you write some really blistering songs about them?**

If they choose not to stay connected, that’s their decision, but I don’t like all that bitterness and hostility. I like to think that we can grow and things can mellow out.

## **How do you think Tom balances you?**

Well, he’s not in a band. It’s very unusual for me to get involved with someone who is not a musician. Tom had a career that was totally different from mine.

## **How did you meet him?**

We were introduced to each other in the early nineties. I was touring behind my *Sweet Old World* album, and Tom was one of the guys at the label. It was more like, “Hi, how are you doing?” He was engaged at the time. Then flash forward about 15 years later. We’re both out in L.A. I’d moved away and moved back, and he’d just moved out there. Now he was out of his relationship, and I was single. I was at a hair salon in Hollywood, and Tom came in to get a quick haircut. I was immediately attracted. Tall, slim, beautiful smile, blue eyes, and this little bling tooth. He knocked his tooth out as a kid in Minnesota, and for some reason, the dentist put a silver tooth in there. Which I love, you know? Anyway, he walks in and says, “I know you. I worked for Best Buy Music in Minneapolis.” So we started going out. It was a little bumpy in the beginning. I was really drawn in, but I wasn’t sure if we were compatible. I didn’t think he was enough of a bad boy. And he was too nice. But I learned you’ve gotta get over first impressions.

## **So he’s really a bad boy underneath?**

Oh, yeah! Trust me, God! [*Laughs*] Now it’s the perfect blend, because he knows how to get around in a corporate world, and yet he’s got all the spunk and soul. Not to mention the fact that he’s highly intelligent. When it’s all said and done, a guy’s gotta be really, really smart. He’s brainy smart, and that’s a huge turn-on for me.

## **Has marriage changed you at all?**

I’m more prolific than I’ve ever been. I don’t know what to attribute it to, but the big test for me with relationships has always been my level of creativity: “Am I still going to feel vital and inspired?” Because I’ve had the opposite happen, when I shut down and lose myself in relationships. That’s what I wrote “Side of the Road” about. But with Tom, I found there’s plenty to still write about. I’m a writer and I’m an artist, and a true artist doesn’t stop just because he or she gets married







and finds the person they want to be with for the rest of their life. Maybe part of it is, I really look up to him and trust him. He's got an incredible ear for music. He's constantly listening to music, and he's got excellent taste. He's my best critic. He could listen to a new song I've written and tell me that it's really good, but I also know he would tell me when it wasn't really good. It's just a totally different thing than I've ever had.

**What does *Blessed* say about you that the other albums didn't?**

I think it reflects being older, seeing life through more mature eyes. It has more of a global perspective. The obvious difference is that it's not filled with unrequited-love songs. "Buttercup" is the only bad-boy song on the album. And that was about a guy I was with before Tom. He was a drug addict and alcoholic. He was sober when I met him, but then he went off the cliff. He's the one I wrote "Jailhouse Tears" about. I guess I still had a little bit of that that I had to get out of my system.

**How do you think your music has evolved from the first album?**

I just think I'm getting better as an artist. Tom was saying to me before we took off on this current tour, "I don't want to stay out on the road too long this year. I want to get you back in the studio, because you're on a roll. You're singing better than ever." And it's true. My songwriting has evolved, too. I've given myself permission as a writer to go wherever I want to go. One of the first rules of creative writing that my dad taught me was, "Never censor yourself as a writer."

**You certainly don't censor yourself in a song like "Come On," which pulls no punches with language or in its sexual put-down.**

Well, I enjoy pushing people's buttons. I get a secret thrill out of that.

**Did you get a lot of push back over that song?**

Surprisingly, no. And it completely blew my mind when I was nominated for a Grammy for that song for Best Rock Vocal Performance. To me, it was just this silly song. It's supposed to be a parody on heavy metal, what is often referred to as "cock rock." You know, the guys who wear tight pants where you can see the shape of their cock. It's the whole swagger thing, and everything is about sex.

But at the end of the day when you get 'em one-on-one, they can't even get it up because they're too fucked up. It's kind of tongue-in-cheek. I even wrote the music like that. There was actually an incident, but it was a blend of several different images in my head. All the women in the audience love it.

**You don't write many classic story songs like "Pineola" or "Crescent City" now, though the new "Soldier's Song" is a return to that form.**

Yes. I was almost afraid to put it on the album, because the depth of the darkness is beyond the pale. But I love the track.

**Do you want to write topical songs?**

I do, and that's always been a big challenge for me. I can write an unrequited-love song in my sleep. I think almost any songwriter would tell you those are the easiest songs to write. Girl meets boy, boy leaves girl, girl has heartbreak. Those are a dime a dozen. But to be able to write songs like Bob Dylan wrote, like "Masters of War." Well, Steve Earle is great at it.

***Blessed* is an intriguing album title. Several of your records have incorporated religious symbols or analogies, either in the music or the cover art, such as the use of crosses.**

Well, I would say more like spiritual or biblical symbols. It's really just the roots of things that I'm interested in. Both of my grandfathers were Methodist ministers. My father's father was a Christian in the true sense of the word, in that he was a socialist Democrat, a feminist, and an anti-war intellectual. He was a [conscientious objector] in World War I, a very free thinker. So was his wife, my grandmother. I remember during the Vietnam moratorium in 1969, she went to the grocery store wearing a black armband and ran into someone who said, "Oh, my, did someone die?" And she said, "Oh, yes, thousands and thousands of people." Now, my mother's father was a Methodist minister, but he was the hellfire-and-brimstone type. So I have a palette of all this stuff to draw from.

**There's a devil on the back of your current tour T-shirt.**

Yeah, I've always been drawn to that imagery. I love all the Day of the Dead stuff, the South American folk art, and the Santería stuff, the combination of the Catholicism mixed with voodoo. That imagery is just so powerful. And

Leonard Cohen and Bob Dylan have a lot of songs that draw from biblical stories. I was influenced by that music, and my dad's poetry deals with it, even though he called himself agnostic when I was growing up. So I have that whole big jumble. I love anything that deals with God and Satan, like the movie *The Omen*, or a documentary on the History Channel on the lost scrolls, the lost teachings of Jesus. I'm really fascinated with that, and with Pentecostal Christians and that subculture, the snake handlers. It's about the passion of it all. I mean, look at the devotion of these itinerant families who work with snakes and drink strychnine.

**You have a lot of intellectual and creative energy. But before your marriage, a lot of people thought you weren't a very happy person overall.**

Well, happiness is relative. I think I'm kind of moody. Just the whole idea that you're either happy or you're sad—you know, it's not absolute. Nobody runs around happy all the time. Maybe the Dalai Lama, but even he probably has his bad days [laughs]. I think I'm ultimately an optimist. I'm not jaded, and I'm not cynical, and I think that's what comes through. But I certainly have my dark days, and my dark moments, so I have a wistfulness. I get very melancholy sometimes.

**That's part of being creative though.**

Yeah, and I have a lot of stuff from my childhood, these little troublesome weights that will never leave. Like in "Bus to Baton Rouge": "I'll never be free from these chains inside."

**What is the biggest weight you carry from growing up?**

Well, probably just everything falling into pieces. We all long for the kind of family where your sister or your brother is your best friend, and everybody goes home at Christmas. And it wasn't like that. My mother suffered from severe mental illness.

**She was a paranoid schizophrenic?**

That's what my dad [says]. The actual terminology was "manic depression with paranoid schizophrenic tendencies."

**You wrote a great song for your brother.**

I haven't seen my brother in over six years, but I wrote three great songs for him. The first one was "Little Angel, Little Brother," the second one was





# “SEXINESS IS IN THE WAY YOU CARRY YOURSELF. YOU CAN HAVE THAT TILL THE END.”

apart. We just all went our separate ways. My sister sort of excommunicated herself from my dad and my stepmother. She's working on things now. I need to write about it all. It's like an albatross around my neck. There's just all this unresolved stuff. That's what I wrote "Mama You Sweet" about. She felt guilty because she wasn't really there for me emotionally when I was little. At a certain point in my life, I had to realize that my mother was not going to be a mother in the sense of what we think of as a mother. Had it not been for my dad, I don't know what would have happened.

## **Your mother was also a musician?**

Yeah, she studied piano. She loved jazz, and Judy Garland, which is interesting when you think about Judy Garland's life. And Erroll Garner.

## **Did she perform?**

No, she didn't have the confidence. The piano sort of became her nemesis. When she was in her down periods, she wouldn't play. She would get rid of the piano. It would just go away.

## **Her name was Lucy. Were you named for her?**

No. The story that she told me was, she had a boyfriend, or there was a guy she really liked, before she met my dad, and he was Cuban or something. So I was named Lucinda, which is Spanish. A lot of people make the mistake of calling me Lucy, which makes me uncomfortable. But I was called Cindy when I was growing up.

## **You could have been on *Happy Days*.**

Yeah! Actually at one point when that show was on, my grandmother in Baton Rouge called my mother and said, "Cindy's on TV! Cindy's on TV!"

## **Your sound owes a lot to the South, but not to modern country music. You lived in Nashville for a while, but didn't especially like it.**

Well, when I moved there in '93, I found a group of people I loved, and for a while, there was kind of a cool

little scene there, some cool clubs that popped up. But then everybody went downtown to lower Broad, and started putting all these fern bars in there. They tore down all of that kitschy stuff on Music Row, which was part of the history of Nashville. It was like they were embarrassed by it. And all this money started coming in, and they put the arena in downtown, and it just completely changed the face and the vibe of the city. That's when I just went, *Okay, I can't take this anymore*. And I got tired of sitting around with my friends commiserating about what sucked about Nashville. The town was just becoming too small, and it wasn't fun anymore. It was too corporate. People would ask me things like, "Where do you write?" Because all the hit songwriters wrote on Music Row. I'd say, "Well, I write on the edge of my bed" [*laughs*]. And they didn't like the fact that I didn't cowrite. So I didn't fit in. It was also that right-wing, Republican, Christian thing. I remember sitting behind a car and it had a vanity plate that just said CHRISTIAN. I was just like, "Okay, fine, you're a Christian. What if I'm not?" I love Memphis and Knoxville, but I like a little bit more diversity and subtlety.


## **In "*Awakening*," you say you will not mourn your youth.**

Well, I still deal with aging just like any other woman.

## **How long will you work the road?**

As long as I can and feel good about it. In other forms of music, it's not the same as far as age.

## **Willie Nelson is in his late seventies, and he doesn't want to quit the road.**

Well, apparently neither does Wanda Jackson. I think we need to redefine beauty. I love older, confident women. I want to be somebody like Georgia O'Keeffe. She was just gorgeous. My father's mother was like that. She died two weeks short of her 100th birthday. And she was very youthful. Sexiness is all in the way you carry yourself. It's your attitude, a vibe. You can have that till the end. 

"Are You Alright," and now this new one, "I Don't Know How You're Livin'." I tried to call him on his birthday, and he didn't want to come to the phone.

## **He's a musician as well, right? Drives a truck and is also a musician?**

Well, he used to drive a truck. I don't know what he's doing right now. After we became teenagers, he would just disappear for months at a time. And my sister struggles with her own stuff. I hate to use the word "dysfunctional," because it's overused, but that's putting it lightly with our family. My mother was a beautiful person, but she just had all this pain and anguish. When my parents split up, we stayed with my dad. I really bonded with him. That kept me from going downhill.

## **How old were you?**

About 12.

## **You're the oldest of the three kids?**

Yeah. Then my mother died in 2004, and that's when everything really fell







# blonde bombshell

Twenty-five-year-old Natalie Nice is a popular webcam model, and it's easy to see why the sexy 36D-25-36 beauty has so many fans. As she says, "I always think of the camera as a guy I'm trying to seduce." There's no doubt in our mind that she succeeds.

Photographs by  
Mark Lit for  
Digital Desire





"Being a webcam model is great!  
I love being able to set my own  
schedule and to interact with my fans.  
I take pride in getting to know each  
and every one of my members."















"I have a bachelor's degree in political studies (Go, Jayhawks!) and an associate's degree in history. My dream job is giving tours at a museum and spending hours talking to people about different exhibits."









"The most exciting thing I've ever done is shoot nude photos in public. It's really exciting, but scary at the same time."



**"My favorite fantasy is  
getting caught playing with  
myself by my significant  
other, who of course joins in!"**

SEE MORE OF NATALIE AT [PENTHOUSE.COM](http://PENTHOUSE.COM).









# She Won't ... But I Will

**Diapers, breast-feeding, baby powder on the bottom, pacifiers.... No, this is not an article on baby's first year. It was last night's session with a client.**

**By Alex Lieberman  
Illustrations by Andrew Wislocki**

**M**en see escorts for a number of reasons. Sometimes it's about variety—a blonde today, a brunette tomorrow. Other times it's a coping mechanism for a bad (read: sexless) marriage or relationship. Sometimes it's simply about a few moments of physical intimacy with a beautiful woman without the risk of harsh judgment or criticism. Then there's the really amazing blowjob for the bargain price of \$300—no dates or commitment required, and you can have it however you want it. Face it, the first time you dick-slap your wife, you're likely to hear, "What the fuck was that?" And if

she's into deep-throating or you coming on her face, count your blessings and do a few loads of laundry without being asked.

Those are all good and real reasons why men patronize providers. But the most intriguing and interesting reason is that, sometimes, your partner simply won't give you what you want—even if you work up the nerve to ask. Well, this honey will do what your honey won't.

Let's talk about the things that you've always wanted to try or do but wouldn't dare ask for, because who wants to hear, "No way, are you crazy?" "That's disgusting!" "You freak!"—or, even worse, just a hideous laugh that goes on for what seems like forever. What really turns you on? Do you want a finger up your ass? Want to lick your own come off my stomach? How about a little two-girl action? Or maybe two girls and another guy and then switch? Whatever it is, I'm game, as long as you pay me enough.

Are you still nervous about asking for something special? Let me give you some ideas.





## ROLEPLAY

This is a highly requested service these days. The most interesting part about what happens behind closed doors is often the communication leading up to those doors being closed. I get many detailed emails about roleplay, everything from classic scenarios like the attractive girl hitting on a “stranger” at a bar (think a beautiful girl pressing her hotel key into your hand as she whispers, “I want you. Now!”) to one very specific request from a Best Buy salesclerk asking me to come in—in full hooker attire—and pick him up in front of his coworkers as he tries to sell me a TV. (Of course, he wanted me to come in right before his lunch break.)

I always have a number of costumes on hand for last-minute requests. I can be the sexy maid who can dust as well as polish your cock clean as a whistle. I can be the slutty cheerleader who can’t wait to straddle the quarterback after the big win. I once had a single, childless guy send me a two-page email describing in great detail his fantasy about being seduced by the babysitter while he drove her home. We made it into a roleplay event.

We started in his living room, with me in jeans and a tight T-shirt, holding a backpack filled with books. He came downstairs after “checking in on the kids” and asked how they behaved. After a little flirting, he drove me back to my dorm (actually my

apartment I use with clients). In the car, I went from innocent teasing to taking his cock out of his pants and into my warm, wet mouth as he protested, saying, “I’m a married man, I can’t.” When we arrived at my “dorm,” I asked him to walk me in because there had been some muggings on campus, my roommate was out of town, and I was scared. He reluctantly walked me in and I asked him to wait until I turned on all the lights. I excused myself and soon came out of the bedroom in a see-through baby-doll dress and no panties. I kissed him while slowly rubbing his now-erect cock through his pants. Of course, he finally gave in to temptation and pushed me to my knees, then shoved his cock in my mouth. After, he lifted me to my feet, turned me toward the wall, and took me from behind. Then he whispered in my ear, “See you next Saturday,” before he pulled up his pants and left. (Of course, then he had to drive me back to his house to retrieve my car, destroying the illusion.)

Can you imagine asking your wife to pretend she’s the babysitter who gives you a blowjob in the car? Maybe she’d say yes, but odds are more likely you’d be looking for a divorce attorney.

Roleplay can be as simple as a basic costume and a few words, or as elaborate as a full-blown performance (pun intended) that includes a written script, costume changes, props, and locations.





## S&M

This is also a popular request, and getting more so. It used to be that a little hair-pulling or the occasional smack on the ass while you screamed out in ecstasy was enough to get a guy off, but with kinky sex becoming—dare I say it?—mainstream, that just doesn't seem to satisfy the average man anymore. But what would your wife or girlfriend say if you asked her to dress up like Catwoman, put clamps on your nipples, and flog your back? (Like you would even ask.) An escort, on the other hand, will not only clamp those nipples, she can do it with her teeth while she's stroking your cock. She will not only whip you, she'll whip you good. And she'll rock the outfit, too.

I'm not a dominatrix, but I'll happily play one for the right price, and so will most other escorts. Who doesn't want a chance to take out her aggression on someone every once in a while?



## FOOD PLAY

Unless you're on your honeymoon, the use of food in foreplay is better suited to the movies than the average kitchen—*9½ Weeks* notwithstanding. Your significant other won't see strawberries on her nipples as an aphrodisiac; she'll see an extra trip to the supermarket to replace what she needs for that dessert she has planned. The chocolate sauce you're hoping to lick off her pussy? To her, that's an hour of mopping to clean it up afterward.

But in my kitchen, all bets are off. I've experienced everything from tequila shots off my belly to licking low-fat peanut butter off a stiff cock. It doesn't hurt that I'm a foodie, but this kind of play is on the menu with almost all escorts. If it's done well, both of us get turned on; then we fuck wildly, end up exhausted and sticky, and you leave without helping to clean up or hearing a word about it.



## SOCIAL TABOOS

There are other types of sex play that can have serious consequences if you bring them up to a wife or significant other. Maybe you can get away with "Who's your daddy?" comments in bed, but your wife won't be thrilled if you ask her to pretend to be your 18-year-old stepdaughter who wants her anal cherry popped—especially if you really have a teenage stepdaughter.


Likewise, a stranger won't judge your love of strap-ons—not the joy of using one or the joy of feeling one being driven hard into you. Whether it's having someone watch while you fuck someone, screwing in a public place, dressing in lingerie, or wearing a diaper, it can be easier to indulge your cravings with a stranger than with someone you have to face at breakfast the next day.

I once had a guy ask to give me a pedicure. He showed up at my apartment with a small tub, lotion, clippers (yes, toenail clippers), and a variety of polishes. He obviously had a major foot fetish, as he played with, massaged, and made love to my feet. I have to say, it was one of the best pedicures I've ever had—and then he cupped my feet around his penis and used them to jerk himself off until he came all over my freshly painted toes.

Some people might find these fetishes and requests weird. I, like most escorts, just consider them "thinking outside the box." And while your wife may not understand your need to come outside the box, I do.

## DOUBLE YOUR PLEASURE

Well, this one is a no-brainer. Men love girl-on-girl action. While some significant others may be up for trying it, most won't go any further than French kissing another woman. The idea of licking a pussy, or seeing you lick one that's not hers, may be too much to deal with. But, for the right price, you can get in on the action. Hell, if you want, you can just enjoy the up-close and personal live show while taking care of yourself. Even if an escort isn't bisexual, she'll go gay for pay.

So what are you in the mood for? An amazing blowjob? Maybe a few hundred bucks. Girl-on-girl action? Let's say four bills. Having your nipples bitten while you're wearing a diaper? A very doable \$650. Fulfilling your fantasies with no judgment or nagging to clean the gutters the next day? Priceless. 

The author's "Escorting 101" experiences in her blog, *Alex the Reluctant Escort*, wipe away the gloss of made-for-TV movies and reveal the funny, dysfunctional, and real lives of both escorts and customers.





# Racy Bet

*A hot tale from Letters to Penthouse XXXI: Wives Gone Wild, published by Grand Central Publishing.*

**M**y wife, Elena, and I are huge NASCAR fans, as are our closest friends, Janet and Phil. Every Sunday during the season, we get together and stay glued to the TV as we watch our favorite drivers race against each other.

Last month, instead of just watching the races, I suggested we do some betting ourselves. Of course, being the horny guy that I am, I had something not-totally-innocent in mind for our wager. I proposed that we bet for our wives' clothing. Each of the women has her own favorite driver, so I proposed that the loser's fan would have to take off a piece of clothing.

Everyone agreed, and the next weekend there was a new excitement in the air as the first race began. Both Elena and Janet were dressed as planned, and there was no doubt that they were braless. Elena's large breasts swayed beneath her shirt, and I could see Janet's hard nipples poking against the sheer fabric of her top. Both of these sights were enough to make my cock stiffen in my pants, and a quick glance at Phil told me he was hard, too. Nothing happened that day, but the sexual tension was running high, especially when Elena had to lose her shirt and spend the rest of the day serving

us drinks topless.

After the others left, I wasted no time in ravishing her. "You liked having to go shirtless in front of them, didn't you? I never knew you had such a wild exhibitionistic streak," I told her as I rubbed my lips against those nipples that had been taunting me. I finally had my chance to do what I'd wanted to all day, and I sucked her tits for all I was worth, teasing her nipples with my teeth and then generously bathing them with my tongue.

Before long, it was time to fuck, and from the way she was stroking my cock, I knew that my wife was as ready as I was. I lay her across the bed and teased her by rubbing my cockhead against her slick pussy lips, even though she was nudging against me, urging me to slide all the way inside her. I continued to slowly tease her with my dick, pushing it inside her pussy a few inches, then dragging it back out, going a little farther each time until she was practically screaming with frustration. "Please, baby, please—fuck me the way you know I need it." Well, I'm only human and can never resist my hot wife begging me to fuck her, so I did just what she asked, slamming deep inside her and feeling her rapidly approaching orgasm.

Sometimes a few good, firm thrusts are all it takes, once I've gotten her so worked up. I once again grabbed

her nipples, tweaking them between my thumb and forefinger as I shoved my cock inside her. All of the day's excitement had been too much for me. I felt my balls tighten as my hot come erupted inside her, feeling her tremble beneath me in an explosive orgasm of her own. It was the perfect end to an arousing day.

For the next race, it was Phil and Janet's turn to host. When our hostess's driver lost, her choice of what not to wear was easy: her shorts. And even though her T-shirt covered most of her ass, she was still a little shy about prancing around in her panties. She seemed to relax during the next race as her car took an early lead, apparently hoping she could stay dressed as she was, and at times rising to her feet to cheer on her driver. But, as luck would have it, her car lost a tire and returned to the pit. As the race ended, everyone looked at Janet eagerly. She ducked down and came back up bare-chested, not even a bra covering her gorgeous breasts. All she had on was a clingy pair of pink panties that I imagined were soaking wet. I could already feel the effect of her naked flesh on my cock, so I knew her own husband had to be raring to go, too. I wondered how long it would be before the two of them began screwing.

I got my answer very quickly. Almost as soon as I had the thought, Phil was all over Janet, running his hands along her body and pulling down her panties before settling his fingers on her pussy, teasing her by sliding them up and down but not entering her. The sexual tension in the room was practically unbearable, and next thing I knew, Phil had pressed Janet up against the living room wall and was sliding his cock inside her while she writhed, jutting her ass toward him. She slid her hands along the wall, clearly in the grip of powerful arousal.

My cock was practically tearing a hole in my pants. I looked over and found Elena just as fixated on the live sex show in front of us as I was. Her hand had dropped between her legs, and she was lightly touching her cunt. I grabbed her and covered her hands with my own, teasing her by moving as slowly as she'd been, while our friends bucked frantically against each other. She let out a hiss and then a single word: "Please." I figured that Phil and Janet wouldn't mind us getting a little frisky in their home after the display they were putting







## I turned to see Janet plunging her fingers into Elena's pussy. I watched as Janet finger-fucked my wife and licked her asshole.

on, so I pulled Elena down onto the floor with me. I lay on my back and settled her on top of me, rocking her against my hard cock until neither of us could stand it anymore. We fucked fast and furious, Elena riding me like the best race-car driver, twisting her hips and throwing herself onto me. In hardly any time at all, we were both coming in explosive orgasms. As we recovered, we heard our friends let out similar shouts of joy as they climaxed, too.

The following week, we once again gathered in front of the TV at our house, but everyone seemed to sense that this was but a prelude to us getting naked again. The race started off with a bang, because this time Elena's driver seemed to careen wildly before skidding to a halt. We all stared at my wife, but instead of Janet's more bashful display, Elena proudly whipped off her shirt. We were all shocked to see the twinkling pasties that covered her nipples—I didn't even know she owned them! She must have bought them specifically to debut them on race day. She danced around, smiling at all of us before

throwing herself at me. She jumped into my arms, wrapping her legs around my waist. I got an instant hard-on when she pressed up against me. She started kissing me, and I closed my eyes, kissing her back. Then, to my shock, I felt Janet wrap her arms around me and my wife from behind.

I moved us so that I was sitting on the couch and Elena lay across it, undoing my pants and eagerly sucking my cock. As she did, Janet began to kiss and lick my wife's ass. When I looked up, I saw Phil standing right near us, jerking his cock with a huge smile on his face. I stroked my wife's hair as she swallowed my cock, then I turned to see Janet plunging her fingers into Elena's pussy. I watched, enthralled, as Janet finger-fucked my wife and simultaneously licked her asshole. Elena kept on gulping my dick as if she'd never get a chance to blow me again. After a few minutes, I couldn't stand it anymore and pressed my hand to the back of Elena's head, spurting into her mouth. She usually swallows, but she was so overcome by Janet's frantic fingers that my hot liquid dribbled down over her lips. Just

then, I felt a spattering of warmth myself as Phil came, splashing my arm as he exploded with a giant grunt.

We went back to watching TV, but Elena chose to stay nude while the rest of us pulled our clothes back on. I'm not sure if anyone noticed when the race ended, or even who won. We were all so entranced watching Elena walk around naked, the sexual mood still in the air. I, for one, wasn't about to let such a delicious opportunity go to waste. "Hey, come over here," I said, and she eagerly straddled my lap. I didn't care what Janet and Phil thought; I had to have my wife then and there.

She apparently felt the same, because she

reached down and undid my zipper, smiling when she found my hardness. I smiled back and kissed her, then let her pull my pants entirely down and plunged my cock into her wet, tight cunt. I closed my eyes and savored the sensation of her pussy working its way up and down my dick. When I opened my eyes, I saw Phil and Janet sprawled across the floor, pawing each other like wild animals. He was also on the bottom, and she was riding him as eagerly as Elena rode me.

I saw Janet look up at us and give a wink before she slithered down and took Phil's cock into her mouth. Janet looked like an expert cocksucker, and I closed my eyes and imagined that she was doing the same amazing things to me. Elena squeezed my cock with her wet cunt, and before I knew it, I was coming once again as she spasmed around me. We both turned around to watch Phil's face contort in ecstasy as Janet sucked and swallowed every last drop of come out of him.

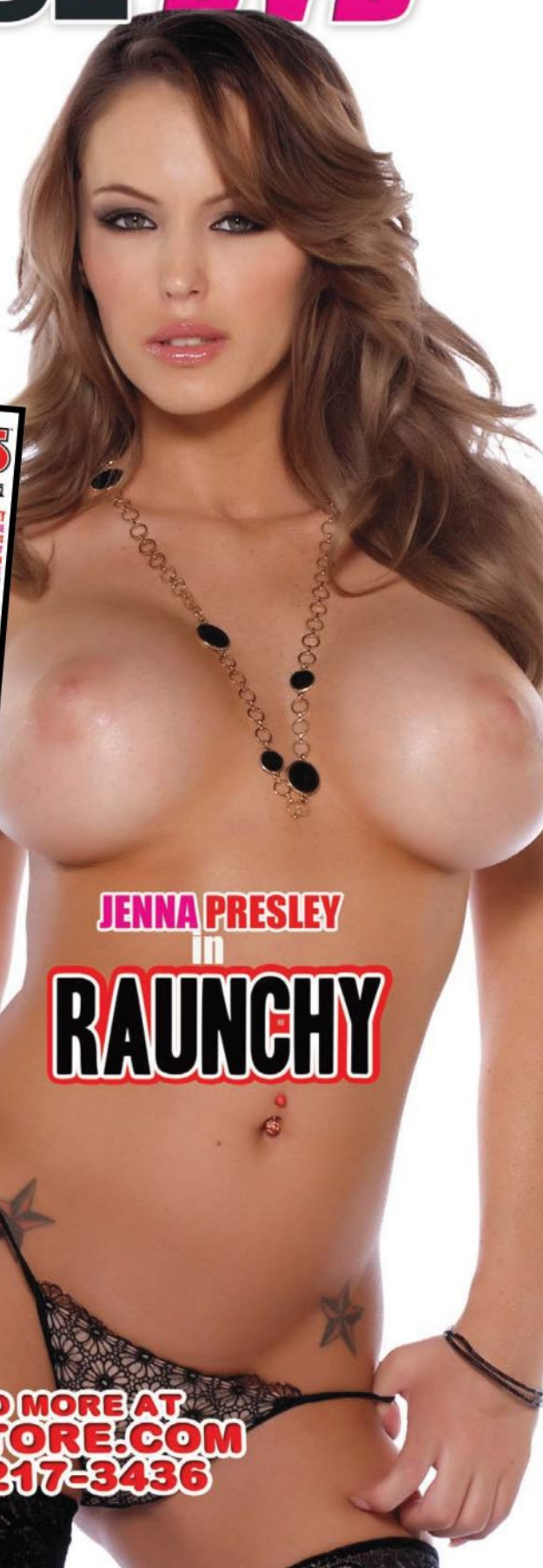
From then on, getting together to watch the races was really just a prelude to our fantastic group-sex encounters. We're all so horny at the very idea that we can think of little else during the week.

I want to thank the drivers who help spur on our nudity. Little do they know they're giving the four of us many nights of racy adult entertainment.—*D.R., Texas*



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[rilee & marie]







# red-hot resolutions

Rilee and Marie have been friends for ages, but careers and boyfriends frequently get in the way of spending time together. This New Year's Eve, the pair resolves to make time for each other no matter what—and their new commitment to their relationship brings them to steamy and passionate heights.

Photographs by Preston Geoffrey Parker







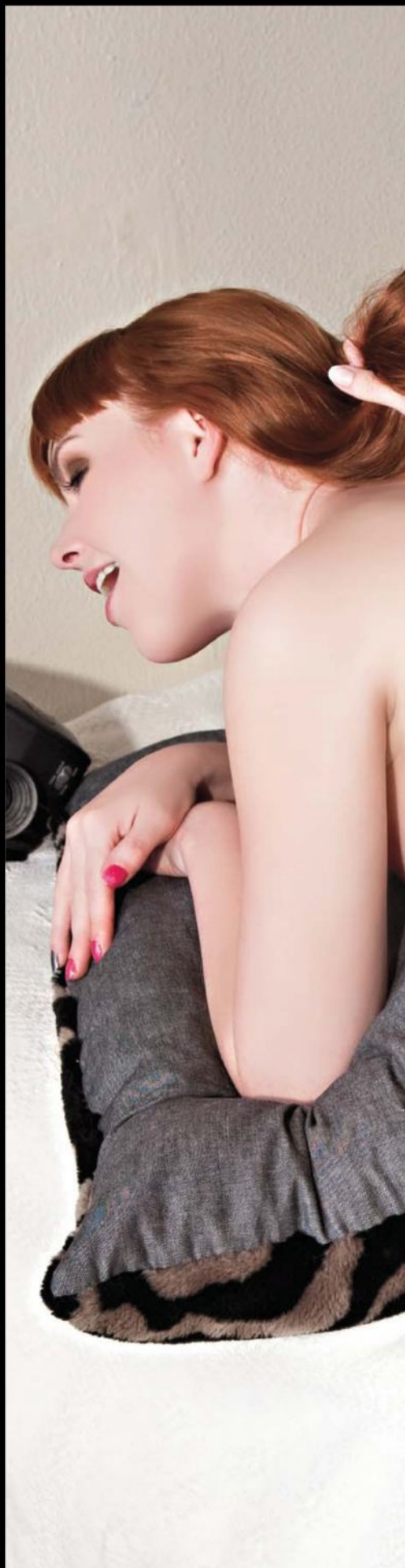






















SEE MORE OF RILEE AND MARIE AT [PENTHOUSE.COM](https://www.penthouse.com).





# CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

Whether you're looking for tips to improve your performance between the sheets, answers to a question or two, or help with an issue you can't take to even your most trusted friend, our expert can help. It's time to get schooled.

By Martin Downs, M.P.H.

## ■ STREAMING ORGASM

*Can a woman become a squirter? If so, how can this be brought about? Are there exercises that should be performed, a diet, specific stimulation? Or, if she were capable, would she have been able to do it already?*

Most sex educators are pretty quiet on the subject of squirting. That's because a lot of people still don't believe that female ejaculation is real. Some insist that female ejaculation is no more than a loss of bladder control during orgasm, and that what squirts out is just plain urine. Indeed, to a casual observer, a woman squirting looks a lot like a woman peeing.

Having read up on the science and thought about this for many years, I accept the fundamentals of female ejaculation. A woman's urethra is coddled in a gland called the urethral sponge, which some call the "female prostate," because it's anatomically similar to a man's prostate gland. This female gland secretes a fluid that is chemically similar to semen, and has many tiny ducts that flow into the urethra.

When a woman "squirts," she's actually ejaculating through her urethra, in much the same way as a guy ejaculates through his urethra. (Of course, her spunk lacks sperm and various other ingredients of boy butter.) This female prostate gland is part of the legendary G spot. So those women who squirt tend to manage it by way of G-spot stimulation.

Numerous how-to books have been written on the subject, but in a nutshell, here's how it's supposed to work. First, she has to locate her G spot. It feels like a rough or ridged area on the

inside wall of her vagina, near the top (when she's lying down) or front (sitting upright), set an inch or so in from the vaginal opening. When she's aroused, the spongy tissue becomes engorged and feels firmer to the touch.

G-spot jockeys generally say that it should be massaged with slow, firm pressure. One way to do that is to use a backward-curling "c'mere" motion with two fingers inserted in the vagina. A curved sex toy made for G-spot play could also achieve that effect.

As she responds to this stimulation and edges closer to orgasm, she might feel an urge to pee. At this point, she should not stop, but bear down and push out with her pelvic muscles as if she were trying to pee. At last, if she's lucky, she might ejaculate.

Some female ejaculators gush great volumes of fluid. Others squirt only a little jet. And some don't produce enough of anything to notice. Remember, it isn't pee. Whatever the skeptics say, women who experience ejaculation insist that it's obviously different from urination.

Some authors claim that all women can learn to ejaculate. I don't know if that's true. I am quite confident, however, that not all women want to learn. Some female ejaculators say they find it empowering and ultra-erotic. Others say it's just kind of neat. (I suspect these were the girls who excelled at gleeking in grade school.) But a great many more, I'm sure, could care less.

On the whole, it seems like a worthwhile project, because a woman and her partner could learn a lot about her body and how she responds sexually.







### ■ TIME TO FACE THE MUSIC?

*I recently made a ginormous mistake by cheating on my girlfriend. It was a one-time lapse and really didn't mean anything. I don't want things to blow up, but there's a slight chance that she might find out. Should I tell her my side before she hears it from someone else, or should I take a chance and hope I can get away with it?*

If your indiscretion happened with a stranger on a business trip in a faraway city to which you traveled alone, that's one kind of "slight chance." If, however, you cheated with a friend of your girlfriend's, that brings other elements of chance into play. If your transgression (or some part of it) was witnessed by people you and she both know, that's a whole other set of factors to weigh.

If you are reasonably sure that no one could ever know—emails deleted, receipts destroyed, no photos taken—and if you can be trusted not to blab, then shut the lid on it and move on.

Otherwise, as you seem to already know, truth will out.

The only thing that could save you, if you really believe that this threatens to ignite a blowup, is your own remorse. But the power of remorse would be significantly weakened if she were to find out secondhand. Then, sorry or not, you'd come off as a deceitful punk.

If you lay the whole thing on her, telling her that you're so consumed with guilt that you couldn't possibly keep the truth from her, you *might* be able to save your skin.



### ■ CANCER SCREENING

*Most people assume that if a screening test could find a cancer early, they should get it. We've all heard that cancers are more curable when they're caught early, so it's better to be safe than sorry. Is that always the case?*

Except when it comes to detecting prostate cancer, the number-one cancer in men, it isn't that simple. There is mounting evidence that screening tests for prostate cancer may do more harm—in the form of prostate surgery, radiation, and chemotherapy that are known for side effects like incontinence and impotence. Recent research shows that finding prostate cancer earlier doesn't actually save more men's lives, or keep men who have been diagnosed with prostate cancer alive for longer. Prostate tumors often grow slowly, so a man might be more likely to die of something else long before the tumor could cause any problems.

The prostate cancer-screening test in question is the PSA, or prostate-specific antigen test. It is a blood test that measures levels of PSA. A high PSA reading can be an early warning sign of a tumor growing in the prostate.

When the PSA test came out in 1986, millions of men got tested. According to a study conducted in the United States and published in 2009 in the *Journal of the National Cancer Institute*, about one million American men were diagnosed and treated for prostate cancer from 1986 to 2005 because of PSA screening. But many of them might have been better off left alone, the researchers argue. They estimate that only about one in 20 actually got life-saving treatment, and that the rest may have been subjected to the costs, risks, and life-altering side effects of cancer treatment needlessly.

For now, the National Cancer Institute recommends that men talk to a doctor about the pros and cons of PSA screening at age 50 (or age 45 for African-Americans and men who've had a close relative diagnosed with prostate cancer).

Testicular cancer is the most common form of cancer in men ages 15 to 35, but cancer in young men in general is actually quite rare. In 2011, there were only about 8,300 cases of testicular cancer in the United States, and very few deaths. At present, there is no standard screening test for this disease—unless you count playing with your balls. It's a good idea to perform a self-exam every so often. That involves gently rolling each testicle between your thumb and fingers to check for any hard lumps or changes in size or feel. In any event, consult with your own physician to determine what's best for you based on your specific circumstances. There are no absolutes in this area. —M

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Submit your questions about sex, relationships, and women to [sexed@ffn.com](mailto:sexed@ffn.com).



# BOSS'S PET

I WAS WORKING LATE ONE NIGHT. LONG AFTER EVERYONE HAD GONE, WHEN I DECIDED TO TAKE A BREAK AND READ A COUPLE OF LETTERS FROM THE NEW FORUM I'D BOUGHT AT LUNCHTIME.

PENCILS BY JASON JOHNSON  
INKS BY EDWIN ROSELL  
COLORS BY JAMES ROCHELLE



As usual, after reading two letters, my panties were soaked through.

I ducked into my boss's office,



removed my panties and stockings,



and placed a towel on the chair.

I continued reading, and was so into the letter as I fingered my wet slit that I didn't hear my boss come in.



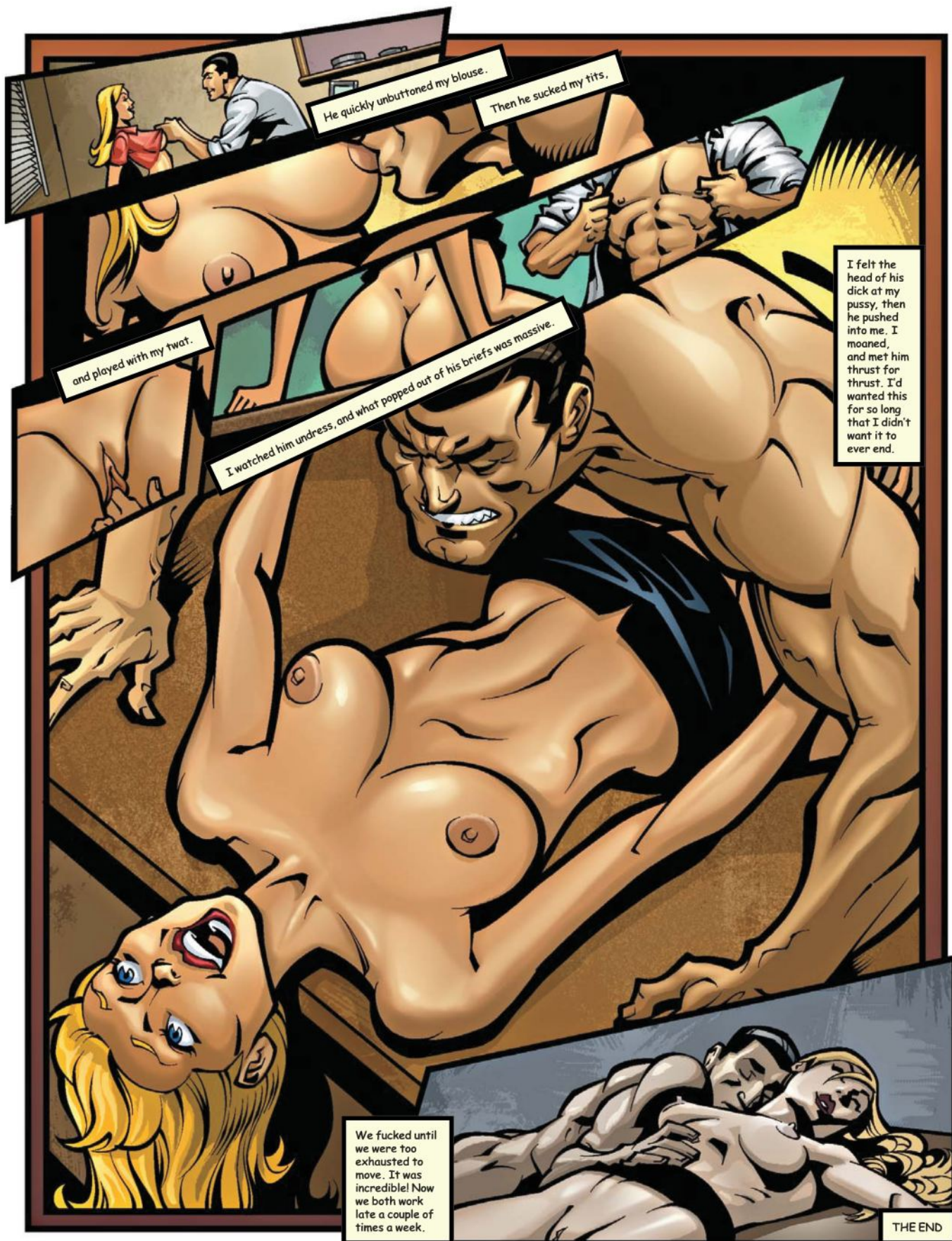
So this is what you do when you stay late.

Oh! I'm so—

Don't apologize—I was hoping to catch you here alone.







He quickly unbuttoned my blouse.

Then he sucked my tits.

and played with my twat.

I watched him undress, and what popped out of his briefs was massive.

I felt the head of his dick at my pussy, then he pushed into me. I moaned, and met him thrust for thrust. I'd wanted this for so long that I didn't want it to ever end.

We fucked until we were too exhausted to move. It was incredible! Now we both work late a couple of times a week.

THE END





# BAD BABYSITTERS

The babysitters and their friends in this feature from director James Avalon are definitely bad—in a very, very good way.

Cutie **Alyssa Branch** and her buddy, **Ashley Abbott**, provide a revealing glimpse into the sexual antics of their friends as they narrate their way from one sex-soaked sequence to the next—all of them filled with nubile flesh just ripe for the picking. These young women leave very little on—and even less to the imagination.

**Allie Jordan**, who's having trouble hitting the right chord, finds it far easier to seduce her guitar instructor, **Seth Dickens** (2). Allie gives him a wild ride as the pair rolls through some steamy vaginal positions, all prior to closing out with a pop on her face, mouth, neck, and chest.

**Jessie Andrews**—a lithe beauty with waist-length hair you'd love to

wrap around your fist, and a great addition to any cast—catches her brother's friend, **Bruce Venture**, sniffing her panties. Instead of getting angry, she responds with passion, and the two get it on right there in her room (3). The dresser and floor provide support for this fun romp, which features two money shots before it ends, one on her right butt cheek and another on her face.

In the next scene, **Madelyn Monroe** seduces her sister's boyfriend, **Mac Turner**. A variety of vaginal positions are employed in this sexy encounter (4), which closes with a facial for Madelyn.

**Ramon Nomar**—pretending to be confused about his sexuality—tricks

**Angelina Black** into helping him prove to himself that he's straight (5). It comes as no surprise that he is, and the two contribute an erotic sequence that's finished off with a facial.

Finally, the two gossip-hound narrators decide to meet their own needs, so they call **Karlo Karrera** and give him a go on their rainbow-colored bed (1). The double-blowjob work in this one—as well as the combinations they make use of—really ramps up the heat, and the whole affair is capped off with Alyssa jerking off Karlo until he comes all over her and Ashley's tits. That's followed up by come rubbing and kissing by the ladies—a stupendous way to end things.



## THE NEXT TOP PORNSTAR

For modeling agent Tommy Gunn and his associates, it's as much about the sex as it is about the job—as it should be.

Director Rocco Reed brings forth another solid feature, starring **Tommy Gunn** as a hard-nosed (and harder-dicked) modeling agent at the top of his game. Of course, the modeling business just serves as a backdrop for his sexual escapades—and those of everyone around him.

Tommy gets it on in his office with an aspiring model, the busty **Yurizan Beltran**—she's one to keep an eye on. After she strips down to show him the goods (1), they make good use of the

desk, and the festivities close out with a pop on Yurizan's gorgeous chest.

**Asa Akira**, one of Tommy's models, seduces **Lux Cassidy** in the hopes of getting her to re-sign with the agency (2). After a bit of banter, the ladies take care of business with fingers, tongues, and some sexy sixty-nining.

Models **Tiffany Brookes** and **Ryan McLane** find themselves on a poolside set with time to kill (3)—and what better way to knock out the time than by knocking boots? There's a good deal of hot oral work on Tiffany, and the vaginal action is supersexy. Things close out with

a load on Tiffany's ass.

**Zoe Voss** and **Bill Bailey** are also poolside (5), at a house that Tommy has moved them into. The lead-up is playful, and the sex that follows is steamy. A come shot all over Zoe's stomach and chest caps off this salacious encounter.

Finishing things off, **Jessie Andrews** and **Michael Vegas** enjoy some drinking games, followed by a frenzied encounter (4) that concludes with a facial—sexy!







## HOT BODS

Hot bodies and hotter sex are the order of the day in these five scorching vignettes from director Cash Markman.

Cash Markman strikes pink when he brings forth a bevy of tight bodies in this collection of erotic sequences, which are tied together by a seductive female narrator. Each scene's theme works well in framing the steamy action to come—and trust us, everyone does come.

**Brooke Belle**—clad in a yellow sundress—shows her appreciation for a job well done to auto mechanic **Evan Stone** in the most intimate and sincere way (2). Not only is the car a classic, so is Ms. Belle, and Evan is readily seduced into a steamy romp that makes good use of the surroundings, and finishes with a pop on Brooke's tummy and pussy.

Sexy blonde **Tasha Reign** is a nude model about whom the artist is having some very inappropriate thoughts. These fantasies are put into action by **Jack Lawrence**, who stops by and takes Tasha right there in the studio (5). The beauty appears to squirt a bit in this scene, and the festivities close out with a come shot on her chest.

**Jada Stevens** is a model working with photographer **Justin Magnum** (1). The soft set features sheer light-blue hangings and a pedestal, and the action is sultry and steamy—particularly Jada's oral work. The encounter is capped off by a come shot on her feet that's smoking hot.

**Cassandra Cruz** and **Richie** have a

romantic romp by the fireplace (4) that kicks off with champagne and ice play. After some deep-throating and multiple vaginal positions, Cassandra finishes him off by sucking him to a pop in her closed mouth.

For the finale, **Jewels Jade**'s pool boy, **Billy Glide**, does a lot more than clean the pool (3). After the pair takes note of each other and takes off their clothes, Billy provides a sensual oiling up and rubdown; the ensuing oral and vaginal action is blistering. Of particular note are the titty-banging and the blowjob/handjob Jewels delivers. This excellent encounter brings the disc to a close with a pop shot to Jewels' magnificent chest.





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[khyanna]







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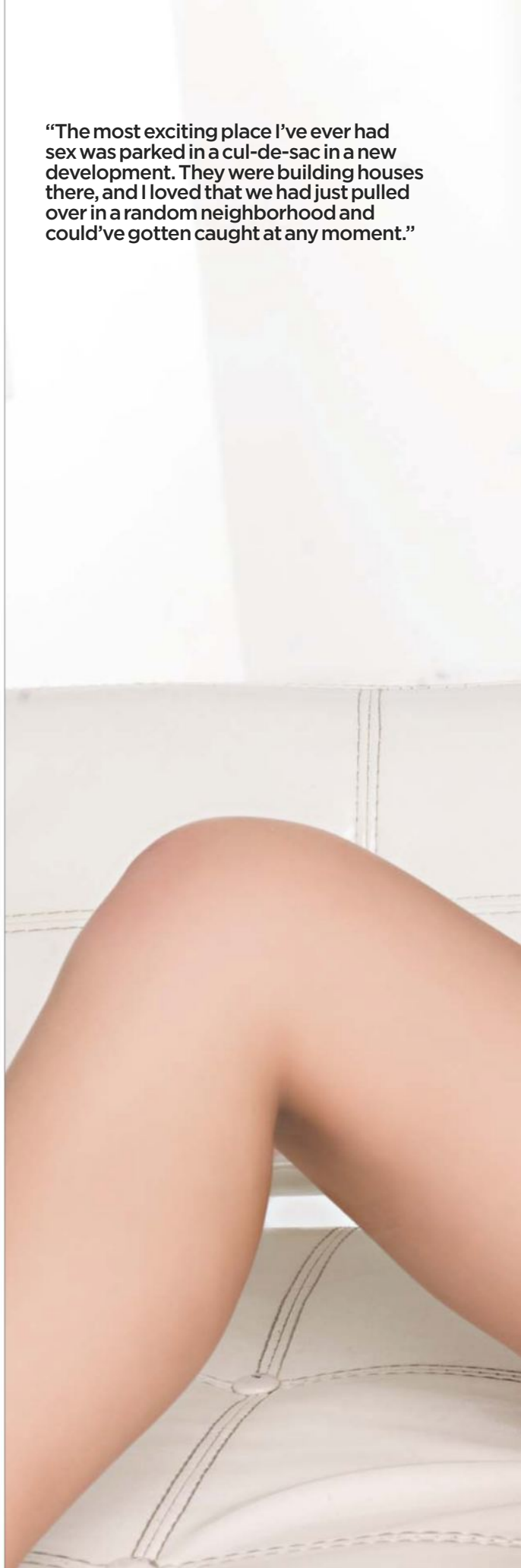
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"I'm an aggressive and take-charge kind of girl, so if I want something, I'll let a guy know. And I'm a fast mover, so I usually know if I'm going to sleep with someone by the end of the first date."











"I love to roleplay. Because I'm usually the one in control, I like playing at being overpowered. My most amazing sexual experience was during a roleplay game with a man who was superaggressive. I loved being submissive to him."







"The sex scenes in the TV show *Spartacus* are the hottest ever. There's one scene where the main character fucks his enemy's wife, and he just takes her in every position imaginable. It was amazingly hot!"

SEE MORE OF KHYANNA AT [PENTHOUSE.COM](http://PENTHOUSE.COM).





## ■ ASS LOVERS

I rolled on a condom, slathered my dick with lube, and slowly pushed my way into Alicia's ass. She moaned quietly as I slid into her tunnel, and I pushed in deeper. I'd been waiting weeks to fuck her backdoor, and I was going to savor the moment.

Alicia and I are anal fanatics, and we try to get it on as often as we can. She'd been away for a few weeks, though, visiting her family, so we both were ready for a good, long screw.

I'd picked her up at the airport and headed straight for her place, not even paying attention to the speed limit as I raced down the highway. I kept thinking that I should have booked a room at one of the airport hotels, just so we could get it on as soon as possible. But we got back to Alicia's place pretty quickly, and within seconds of unlocking the door, we were in the bedroom, ripping each other's clothes off. We didn't even bother to take her bags out of the car. There'd be time for that later.

As soon as I had Alicia's T-shirt and jeans off, and she had me out of mine, we jumped into bed. We kissed and caressed each other, and I fingered her hot slit while she stroked my dick. After so many weeks apart, it felt good to have her hands on me again.

Our foreplay didn't last very long, since we were both so excited to get to the main course, and within a few minutes I was replacing the fingers in her pussy with my cock. I pounded her quickly, bringing her to a screaming climax before pulling out and getting a condom and lube from her dresser.

I drizzled some lube onto Alicia's ass, then rolled on my condom, covered it with extra lube, and aimed my dick at her tight butt hole. I slid in easily, and the deeper I went, the louder Alicia moaned. Soon I was buried to my balls in her ass, and she was crying out excitedly, begging me to fuck her. Not wanting to disappoint, I did as requested.

It wasn't hard to get a good fucking rhythm going. Soon I was really banging her ass, my balls slapping against her while I held her legs up over my shoulders for the best angle. I thrust into her as hard as I could, then slowed down for a few strokes before picking up the pace again, never letting her get used to my pattern. It was really getting her hot, and she was panting and gasping as I pounded her. When she reached a hand down to play with her clit, I knew it wouldn't be long before she was



ready to blow. I wasn't too far from my own climax, either, and I started to fuck her a little faster to get us both there as soon as possible.

It didn't take much longer to get Alicia—or myself—off. Within a few minutes she was thrashing wildly on the bed as she came. It was hard to keep thrusting into her while she was writhing around, but I managed to keep up my pace, and a minute or so after her climax, I came, too. We'd been apart so long that our climaxes were extra strong, and I filled the condom with my come. When I was finally finished, I dropped Alicia's legs from my shoulders and collapsed on top of her sweaty body.

I had never been so exhausted after a good fuck, but considering how long she'd been away, it was natural that we'd put everything we had into that one quick screw. I pulled out of Alicia and went to the bathroom to throw away the used condom before getting back into bed. When we woke up an hour or so later, I took her ass again, and then I finally got Alicia's bags out

of the car so she could unpack—after a third round of amazing anal. It was a great way to welcome my girl home.—*M.T., Alaska*

## ■ AND ANNIE MAKES THREE

What do you get your boyfriend of five years—who already has everything he could ever want—for his birthday? A sexy rendezvous. I figured I'd find out what fantasies he'd been harboring and help him live them out. Who doesn't want to be someone's wet dream come true? I knew Chris's No. 1 fantasy was a threesome with me and another girl. He'd always wanted to be the filling in a sexy-lady sandwich. Secretly, I'd always been curious about being with another girl, too, though I'd never told my boyfriend that. Now, though, it seemed like the perfect time to give us both a gift we'd never forget.

I could think of only one person I was willing to share Chris with, and that's my friend Annie. She lives a few hundred miles away, and we see her only once or twice a year, which meant there would be no awkwardness to deal with after our encounter. Plus, she's seriously sexy. She could be a porn star if she wanted, with her double-D breasts, hourglass figure, and undeniable love of sex. Instead, she's an accountant. Go figure. I knew she'd say yes if I asked her to join us. She may not have been

**Soon I was buried to my balls in Alicia's ass, and she was crying out excitedly, begging me to fuck her.**

a porn star, but she never said no to sex, and I knew she'd never turn down a chance to do the deed with Chris, whose good looks rival Annie's.

As expected, Annie agreed as soon as I told her what I wanted. She had vacation time coming up, and she was more than willing to spend it visiting Chris and me.

I didn't tell Chris what was going on, just that Annie was coming for a visit. It wasn't until his actual birthday that we spilled the beans. We were all out to dinner, and Annie and I started flirting and fooling around with each other. We kept reaching out to touch Chris's arms and chest, taking turns kissing him chastely on the cheek or mouth. By the time we got back to our apartment, he knew what was going on, and he went nuts. He grabbed me around the waist and pulled me to him, kissing me hard. He was definitely a happy boy, and we hadn't even started yet.

Annie, who had experience with three-way sex, took the lead. She grabbed our hands and guided us to the bedroom, then pushed Chris down on the bed while she kissed me. "Don't be nervous," she whispered in my ear. "You'll do great. And Chris is going to love this no matter what. Just relax."

It was impossible to resist her sex appeal as her huge breasts pressed against my chest and her soft lips moved against mine. When I let out a quiet whimper of pleasure, I knew I'd made the right decision. Chris was going to enjoy himself—and so was I!

Annie and I kissed for a few minutes, and then she slowly pulled off my clothes. She got my dress off without too much trouble, then she had Chris come over to help with my bra, panties, and stockings. My boyfriend kissed the back of my neck and down my spine as he helped Annie get me out of my lingerie, and it was such a turn-on that while Chris pulled my stockings down my legs, I fumbled with the zipper on the back of Annie's dress, hoping to get the garment off her as smoothly as she'd removed mine.

I wasn't nearly as skilled as either of my lovers, and Annie had to break our kiss to finish what I'd started and step out of her dress. She looked even more attractive in her skimpy thong and bra, and I suddenly had the desire to suck her nipples. I'd never made love to another woman's breasts, but I pulled the cups of her bra down and lifted her nipples to my lips like I'd done it a million times. She moaned as



I took a hard pink nub into my mouth, and threw her head back to give me more room to work.

While I got comfortable with Annie, Chris took his clothes off so he could join us. He stripped to his boxers before moving behind Annie to unclasp her bra and pull down her panties. Then he got on his knees and moved between her legs so he could suck her pussy. For a second I paused, Annie's nipple between my lips, and peered down at my boyfriend as he went in for a taste of her. I thought I might be jealous the first time I saw Chris paying attention to our third, but I wasn't. I was aroused. Watching Chris eat Annie's pussy was actually pretty hot, and I wished I had a better view. I couldn't tear myself away from her gorgeous tits, though.

My boyfriend and I worked on Annie for a while, until her body shook and she cried out. I couldn't believe Chris and I had done that together. But I didn't have time to revel in my newfound ability to help bring a woman to orgasm. Annie put herself

**Seeing Chris eat Annie's pussy was pretty hot, but I couldn't tear myself away from her gorgeous tits to watch.**

back in charge before she'd even come down from her climax, and immediately guided us to the bed.

Annie made me get on my hands and knees and told Chris to enter me from behind. Doggie-style is my favorite, and as Chris slid his cock into me, I moaned happily, glad for some familiarity. But Annie had more than a standard fuck in mind for us. She got Chris going, guiding his thrusts for a minute until he'd worked up to the rhythm she wanted, and then she slid under my body. While my boyfriend fucked my pussy from the rear, she licked it from below.

Annie wasn't licking just my pussy, though. She was going for Chris's cock, too. Every time he pulled out of me, I felt her tongue move up to swipe at his shaft, and then she would trail her tongue down my slit to my hard little clit. She did this a dozen times before she focused on just my pussy for a minute. Between her licking and Chris's thrusting I was ready to go over the edge more quickly than ever, and they brought me to an earth-shattering climax.

We weren't done, though. Chris had come with me, filling my pussy, but Annie still hadn't been properly fucked. While we waited for Chris to get hard again, she sucked his cream out of me, cleaning my pussy and bringing me to another shuddering orgasm. Of course, watching us aroused Chris, and I saw his hand sliding up and down his shaft.

Annie ate my pussy until there was no trace of Chris's semen left, and by then he was rock-hard and ready for action. She made him lie on his back and she mounted him, sliding down to his balls in one swift move. She started riding him up and down, obviously enjoying how his cock filled her, and then reached over to pull me into the mix again. She guided me over till I was sitting on Chris's face, and as he licked my pussy she kissed me again.

The three of us were all writhing and moaning and gasping for air as we pleased one another, and it was an incredible feeling. Sex always feels good, but adding another person multiplied the pleasure tenfold. Within seconds of sitting on Chris's face, I felt another orgasm bubbling up in me, and I knew my partners must be feeling the exact same thing. Sure enough, round three lasted only a few minutes, and we were all climaxing and crying out in no time.

As we drifted off to sleep a little while later, Annie snuck out of bed





and went to sleep in the guest room, whispering in my ear that she'd be right across the hall if we needed her. It was sweet of her to give Chris and me some time alone, and as soon as she was out of earshot I asked my boyfriend what he'd thought of his gift. The deep kiss he gave me was answer enough. I knew I'd given him a birthday to remember.—*K.M., Virginia*

#### ■ A FRIENDLY WAGER

Carla loves to give head. In fact, she's so cock-hungry that she can't go a single day without trying to get in my pants to suck my dick. A few weeks ago, this led us to an interesting wager. After a solid two weeks during which I got my cock sucked to explosion daily—without having to repay the favor at all—I decided to test Carla's self-control. I bet that she couldn't go 24 hours without sucking cock, and since I was sure I'd win easily, I was willing to put big money down—\$500 to be exact.

The bet would start at midnight on Friday, which I knew would be the worst time for Carla. We're both home on Saturdays, and that's always when we have the most sex. I didn't think she stood a chance if we were going to be together all day. She got in one last blowjob at 11:45, getting me off and swallowing my load with minutes to spare. It was a pretty spectacular blowjob, but I wasn't too worried

about waiting for the next one. I was certain Carla wouldn't last.

We slept soundly that night, and when morning came my girlfriend managed to get up and shower without the early-morning fuckfest that usually got our weekends started. Still, I didn't lose hope. I had a plan. There was no way I was going to part with my money without putting up a fight. As soon as Carla was out of the bedroom and on her way downstairs to get breakfast, I got out of bed. I took my own shower and jerked off under the hot water, aroused from just thinking about the blowjob my girl had given me the night before. Then, instead of getting dressed, I put on my robe. I never wore it because it seemed pointless, but I wanted to tease Carla, and the robe would be the easiest way to flash her without just walking around naked—which was against the rules.

I found Carla in the kitchen and let my robe fall open as I hopped up onto the counter with a bowl of cereal. It wasn't unusual for me to sit on the

counter to eat, but it was the first time I'd done it in my robe, and it gave Carla a clear view of my flaccid shaft. She took one look at me and left the room, and it was clear that she was already losing control. I felt even more confident that I would win easily.

All morning I found ways to perch with my dick at eye level, causing Carla to run from the room more than a few times. There was no way she was going to last. By lunchtime, she was dying to go out and run errands, but it wasn't going to be the reprieve she wanted. I was going with her, and even though I was going to wear pants, I was still going to tease and tempt my girlfriend.

At the grocery store, I made sure to pick up every phallic item I could find, taunting Carla with cucumbers, an eggplant, even a can of Pringles. I tossed a box of condoms into the cart, really making my girl squirm. When we stopped for lunch, I ordered hot sausage and meatballs, getting Carla hot and bothered once more.

By the time we got home again, I'd done everything in my power to get Carla to give in, so I decided to take a break for a while, just long enough to shoot some hoops with the guys at the park. I figured I'd be gone two hours, tops. I didn't know what Carla would do while I was gone, but I wasn't worried. It's not like she was going to find a cock to suck and try to cheat, on me or the bet.

Imagine my surprise when I came home and went to take a shower, only to find Carla lying on our bed, deep-throating a lifelike dildo. I'd thought she couldn't go 24 hours without sucking my cock, or at least a real one, but she was willing to settle for a silicone substitute in my absence. I couldn't believe her! I stood in the doorway and watched her, my cock getting harder and harder as she sucked that rubber dick. She was really going to town on that thing, and it looked like when she sucked my cock, only she was even more enthusiastic than usual. I watched her for a minute more, then coughed, alerting her that I was there.

She looked up at me sheepishly, her mouth still stuffed with the fake dick. Neither of us knew what to say, but with one glance—at my crotch, of course—Carla made it very clear that the bet was over. She dropped the rubber cock out of her mouth and crawled across the mattress until she was kneeling right in front of me at the foot of the bed. She didn't hesitate before reaching out and pulling down

**Her tongue twirled over my cockhead and she swallowed me deep into her throat. She was absolutely ravenous.**



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my shorts to free my stiff dick. As soon as she had my dick in her hand, she moved in and took it between her lips. Her tongue twirled over my cockhead and then she swallowed me deep into her throat. She was absolutely ravenous, and she didn't cut any corners. She sucked and slobbered on my dick like it was the only thing keeping her alive, and she made my hard dick start to throb. A second later, she moved her hands to my balls and started to work them in her palms, sometimes dropping them to stroke my shaft. There was so much happening that I couldn't keep up, and soon I was exploding into her mouth, sending a river of come down her throat. But that didn't stop Carla.

After going 18 hours without dick, she wasn't about to give up after a few minutes. She gulped down my hot seed and then kept sucking. She did things with her tongue I'd never experienced before, and her hands—wow! She was good! She had me as hard as steel again in no time, and she kept sucking until she brought me to a second orgasm. I'd never come twice in a row like that before. It was intense.

Carla still wasn't done with me, though, and she got on top of me in a sixty-nine and continued to suck my dick while I ate her hot cunt. She was juicier than ever, obviously aroused by all the teasing that had gone on. She was so slick I had to lap up her juices just to make contact with her pink pussy flesh. I ate her cunt until she came, and when she did, a flood of her juice poured into my mouth. Meanwhile, she was about to bring me to my third climax of the night. If I thought two was intense, three was insane, and it blew my mind that I was able to shoot three loads in such quick succession. My cock-hungry girlfriend definitely had even more talent than I'd realized.

Later that night, I fucked Carla like crazy, pounding her tight twat and going to town in her ass. She even let me come in her, something she doesn't always allow. It was the best sex we'd ever had.

We decided that neither of us had won the bet. Besides, there was no way I could penalize my girl for the awesome oral she'd given me. That alone was worth calling it a draw. Now I just have to figure out how to get her to agree to another bet. I wouldn't mind experiencing such a mind-melting series of blowjobs again, and soon.—S.G., *Washington*



#### ■ THE REUNION

My friend Lizzie and I are both bisexual, and we've hooked up more than a few times over the years. It's never anything serious, but when one of us is hot and bothered and there's no one else around, we each know the other will help us work off our sexual frustration. Last weekend was no different.

Lizzie was in town for our college reunion, and she was staying at my place since our husbands had decided to take their annual fishing trip that weekend. They didn't want to go to the reunion any more than they'd wanted to be in school when we were all students. That was fine with us, though. It gave Lizzie and me plenty of time to gossip and go out with our sorority sisters. And, of course, it gave us lots of time in the hot tub.

Although we'd been together dozens of times since we met in college, we hadn't fooled around in years, not since Lizzie and Jeff had moved to New York. Even when

she'd visited, nothing had happened. This time, when we were in the hot tub, where we always find ourselves within hours of Lizzie's arrival, she was talking about all the fun we'd had in college. I had to agree that we'd had some pretty amazing times together.

"Do you remember when we moved out on our own?" she asked. "It seemed like we fucked every Friday, didn't it?"

"Only when we didn't have dates," I reminded her.

"Yeah, and how often did we turn down dates so we could fool around?" she asked, laughing.

She was right. We'd always told guys we weren't free on Fridays so we would have that one night a week together. Sometimes we just watched chick flicks and gorged on pizza and chips, but more often than not we fucked.

"I miss it," Lizzie said. "I haven't screwed another woman in years. Not since you, actually."

I was shocked. I'd thought for sure she was hooking up with East Coast women now, or at least having threesomes with Jeff. But apparently Dan and I weren't the only ones who'd mellowed out since we hit 30.

As we sat in the bubbling water and reminisced about our wild times together, Lizzie moved closer to me. Soon, instead of sitting across from

**Her fingers worked my  
clit for a few moments  
before sliding all the  
way back to finger my  
ass. Oh, my God!**



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me, she was right next to me, and the jet that was massaging my back was massaging both of us. She ran her hand down my thigh, and when I turned to look at her, she leaned in and kissed me. As her lips pressed against mine, it all came back to me. Her lips were soft, and I deepened the kiss without even thinking about it. When her tongue slowly worked its way into my mouth, I knew without a doubt that Lizzie and I were going to have sex before the night was over.

As our lips and tongues worked together, teasing and tantalizing and bringing us closer, our hands wandered. Soon our bikini tops were floating in the water while we worked at tugging off the bottoms without breaking our lip-lock. In moments we were naked in the hot tub, our bodies pressed together tightly.

My hand slipped down under the water and between Lizzie's legs, and even underwater I could tell she was dripping wet with desire. I worked a single digit, followed by a second, into her slick cunt. It didn't take long before she was moaning into my mouth. Eventually she broke our kiss so she could scream my name. It was starting to feel like we were right back in college again.

When I slid a third finger into her pussy, Lizzie moved her head down to suck my tits. She lifted them out of the water and suckled one nipple, then the other, alternating between them until I was moaning as loudly as she had. That wasn't the end, though. Once she knew I was really ready, her fingers worked my clit for a few moments before sliding all the way back to finger my ass. Oh, my God!

I've always loved assplay, and Lizzie had always done it best. She knew that getting me off took only a little clit stimulation and then a good, solid ass-fuck, either with fingers or a tongue or a dildo. Anything would work, as long as something was up my butt. This time Lizzie quickly shoved two fingers deep into my ass. It was the most incredible feeling, and I was so turned on that I forgot all about giving pleasure to my partner. Not that Lizzie seemed to mind. She was driving her fingers in and out of my ass at such a rapid pace that I wasn't sure she even noticed I'd stopped playing with her pussy. She just kept telling me how good it felt to have my ass clenching around her fingers and begging me to come for her.

Before either of us reached climax, we pulled ourselves out of the hot tub



and onto the deck. We moved in sync, not discussing what we were doing, just doing it. As if we'd planned it, we both moved into a sixty-nine, and then we went right back to work.

I dove into Lizzie's hot cunt while she started to eat my ass. She worked the fingers of one hand into my pussy while she fingered and tongue-fucked my ass, and if her fat cunt hadn't been muffling my cries, I'm sure our husbands would've heard me hundreds of miles away. In our years apart, Lizzie hadn't lost her touch. If anything, she was a more adept lover than ever before. I was already about to come!

I didn't want to come without Lizzie, so I really went at it, sucking her clit and thrusting four fingers furiously in and out of her cunt. As her tongue drove into my ass one more time, I shoved my fingers deep into her twat. We both came.

Our shared climax was the most intense we'd experienced together, and it took us both a few minutes

**I really went at it, sucking Lizzie's clit and thrusting four fingers furiously in and out of her cunt. We both came.**

to catch our breath. By the time we finally broke apart we were chilly, and we had to slide back into the hot tub to warm up again. We spent the rest of the weekend reliving our fondest college memories again and again. We almost missed the actual reunion, we were so caught up in our private celebration.—C.D., Oregon

## ■ BACKSEAT BALLING

Paul and I flirt a lot, but Paul flirts with everyone. We're good friends—in fact, I'm probably his only close female friend—so I never thought much of it. That's just how he is. If I swooned every time he put the moves on me, I'd have time for nothing else.

A few weeks ago we were at our friend's house for a party, and around two in the morning, Paul decided he wanted something to eat. I needed a break from the party myself, so I said I'd take a walk with him to the nearby 24-hour deli to get a sandwich.

As we walked down the street we were joking around and flirting, but as usual I wasn't reading anything into it. I just wanted to get to the deli. We ordered our food as soon as we went inside, and since we were the only customers, it didn't take long for them to have our sandwiches ready. We grabbed the bags they handed us, picked up a couple of sodas, and headed back to the house.

On the walk back, Paul and I flirted more. This time, though, it seemed like something had changed. I don't know what had happened, but suddenly I found myself flirting for real. At one point Paul reached over and grabbed my hand, pulling me toward him. I crashed into him, not even trying to stop myself as my body collided with his. When I hit his chest, I looked up at him to apologize, but he looked down at the exact same moment. Before I could say anything, he leaned in and kissed me.

In all the years I'd known Paul, I'd never understood why girls fell all over themselves around him, but as our lips met, I finally got it. I always knew he was funny and sexy and smart, but I'd always thought he was a big goof. Kissing him, though—oh, my God! The way his lips moved against mine was all the proof I needed that he really was a Casanova.

We tried to keep walking as we made out, but as our kisses became more heated, it was hard to multitask. We were about 100 yards from our destination when it became clear that we weren't going to make it back to



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the party anytime soon. Luckily, we weren't far from Paul's SUV, and he hurried to unlock it so we could climb into the backseat.

As soon as the car door slammed shut, we were on each other. I made the first move, pushing his jacket off his shoulders and pulling his T-shirt over his head. I didn't wait for him to reciprocate before I moved on to his pants, unzipping the fly and pulling out his dick. I don't know what had come over me, but I couldn't wait to get in his pants.

I was still fully clothed as I started sucking Paul's dick. I'd seen it before, more than once, but I took a moment to check out what he was packing. His cock wasn't the biggest I'd ever seen, but it was nice and thick, and as I took it between my lips, I knew that I couldn't wait too long before I got it in my pussy.

Paul's cock was already hard, and it grew even more as soon as I took it into my mouth. I sucked him hungrily, not having had a dick in my mouth in a few months, and when I tasted the first drop of pre-come on my tongue, I knew we were both ready for more. As soon as I pulled my head back, Paul undressed me. He practically ripped my shirt as he tried to get it off me, and that was as far as he got before he lost all control and decided to take me as is.

He pulled the straps of my bra down and lifted my tits out of the cups. He moved in to suckle my breasts as he reached under my skirt and pulled the crotch of my panties to the side. It took him no time at all to get me into his lap and to slide his dick inside me. He filled me perfectly, stretching me enough to really feel him.

As soon as Paul had buried his cock all the way inside me, I started to

move. I put my hands on his shoulders and thrust slowly up and down on his dick. After I'd been riding him for a minute or two, Paul thrust into me as well. The more we moved against each other, the better it felt. At one point he reached between our bodies to work my clit with his fingers, and the sensations that provided drove me absolutely wild with lust. I rode him harder and faster, trying to get myself off.

I slipped a hand down to my pussy and guided Paul's fingers, making him rub my hot clit just the way I like it. Within a few minutes we were both on the verge of a climax. Paul came inside me as I shuddered in his lap, my pussy juices gushing out around his dick. We kissed again, and I knew I was a goner. Now that I'd had a taste of what Paul had to offer, I wasn't willing to give it up. We separated a minute later and got dressed so we could go back to the party, discovering that we'd dropped our bags from the deli somewhere along the way.

When we got back to the party, no one seemed to realize we'd even been gone, which was convenient. In the few minutes it took us to get from the car to the house, we'd managed to get aroused again, and it was easy for us to slip away into one of the bedrooms so we could go at it again.

I'm still Paul's closest female friend, but now that role comes with some really great benefits!—J.A., Ohio

**Paul stretched me enough to really feel him, and as soon as his dick was all the way in, I started to ride him.**

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[parting shot] past perfect



# 2002 Pet of the Year Megan Mason

Every year, when we crown a new Pet of the Year, we find ourselves reminiscing with great satisfaction about all the gorgeous women who have held that coveted title. This year, after a long, pleasurable afternoon enjoying images from a decade ago, we decided to share. Enjoy.





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